

The Dollar



Magazine

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VOLUME I.

OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

Since we last appeared before the reader, the nation has been stricken in its highest place. The Chief Magistrate of the American people who, on the fourth of March last was invested with the highest honor earth knows, on the fourth of April resigned his breath to the God who gave it. The theme has been one of deep feeling, expressed by thousands of pens, and uttered by millions of hearts. At the ripe age of three score and ten, lacking two years only, he finished his earthly career. "He rests from his labors, and his works follow him."

The contribution from one of the editors, which appears in another part of this Magazine, renders farther notice of this melancholy event here unnecessary. The nation has paid the obsequies of the great dead, their due respect; and while the memory of the deceased is shrined in the hearts of the people, they turn, not improperly to the living; and look with great interest for all that may be said in relation to President Tyler. To meet this laudable and natural curiosity, we have caused to be prepared for this magazine, a portrait and a biographical sketch.

Our musical readers will be gratified to find in this number, two new songs by Thomas Moore. We need hardly remind them, that this music alone, procured in any other form, would cost more than the annual price of the Magazine; and that beside its cheapness, it is earlier received by our readers than it could be in any other way. Ours is the first American reprint; and beside being as correctly printed as it could be in any mode, it is offered in a form by which it can be transmitted by post. Such are now our arrangements that every number of the work will contain a musical novelty.

This number of the Magazine, it will be noticed, appears nearer the first than the fifteenth of the month. Our next we hope to issue on the first of June; and thereafter we shall continue to publish on the first of every month, instead of on the 15th, as at first advertised. It is much the best date; and would have been adopted at the commencement, had it been possible to complete our arrangements in season.

So far, we have "sailed before the wind." The universal approval of our readers has been withheld in only one instance; and in that, after reflection convinced the parties objecting, that the matter of which they complained, was the fruit of an oversight. We allude to a paragraph which crept into one number of the work, merely as a "fill up" in a corner, when three or four lines were wanted by the printer. It is unnecessary to speak of it more particularly than this; or to say more respecting it, than that such an accident cannot occur again; and the only wonder is that it ever occurred.

Visit to a Negro Cabin in Virginia.

[Extract from a Journal, kept by a Gentleman, who travelled through Virginia some years since.]

My host, Mr. W——, is a Justice of the Peace, and was compelled to leave us to-day, in order to attend the session of the county court. I took his dog and gun to see what sort of sport his fields afforded; and after a walk of some hours, feeling inclined to rest, I seated myself on the body of a fallen tree, and had been there but a few minutes, when my attention was attracted by the following conversation carried on behind a dead hedge, by which I was screened from the view of the parties engaged in it:—

"I say, Tom; is you been do what you say?"

"I done fo'git what 'twas."

"Dah now! Didn't I tell you futto an Ned futto len' me his possum-dog to-night?"

"Well, sho' nough!"

"Well, now, what I gwine do fo' dog?"

"You do'wan' no dog to-night."

"What fur I don't?"

"Caze you gwine to cawn-shuckin'."

"No indeed—I gwine catch possum fo' Jenny."

"What business you keep runnin' a'ter Jenny? She eat all yo' possum an' all yo' moonac [raccoon;] an' yo' whole crap of 'taters, an' wat'millions, an' mushmillions, let 'lone the callikers an' necklace, an' things you buy fur her—an' den she ain gwine have you a'ter all."

"How you know?"

"Caze, can't I see? An' didn't my wife hear Wash'ton ax master ef he might have a family? an' master ax him who 'twas?—an' he say 'twas Jenny?"

"Well now, aint dat 'oo bad! 'Tain to mo' an' last Sunday when I sole my har-skins, I give her a yellor hanker!"

"Ah, boy! I tell you what—Jenny's a knowin' gal. She ha'n't bawn 'istiddy. So you moutsel let her 'lone."

Having become satisfied that no condition of life was too humble for the spirit of coquetry to flourish in, I here interrupted the conversation, by desiring to be shown the way to the nearest spring.

"Yes, master, I show you"—was the prompt reply of one of them, lifting his hat at the same time. "The quarters is roun' de pint of them woods, thah." And in three minutes the "quarters" presented themselves in the shape of some six or eight log buildings situated in a row, and about twenty or thirty feet from each other, all fronting the same way. In the rear of each was a little garden, enclosed by upright stakes interwoven with cedar boughs. Outside of each door a small shelf was fixed to the wall, supporting a pail of water, and a gourd used for a drinking-cup. The character of the ground was such, that we could neither see

nor be seen until the moment of our arrival, at which time there were twenty or thirty little woolly heads amusing themselves, not silently. Some were running about—some swinging upon the gigantic grape-vines, with which the trees were covered—some rolling about on the sand—while others were earnestly engaged in doing nothing. In an instant, six curiously shaped curs rushed out from door and bush. Some wanted ears—some tails—the latter had been either cut off or driven in, so that there was hardly an inch to swear by—but none wanted voice: they all had it, and to spare; and spare it they did, very freely. This brought into play the deep voice of my guide, and the alto tones of the little negroes—"You Jowler!" "Come out had, you Venter!" "Git out, you Bowman, you rascal, you!" Under cover of this volley the bipeds rushed to the attack, and by force of some good dry blows, the enemy was routed, horse, foot, and dragons, the cries of the wounded mingling with shouts of the victors.

This unwonted clamor had brought to the doors all the inmates of the houses, and I became the cynosure of all eyes. My guide conducted me to the entrance of his own habitation, and politely invited me to walk in. Scarcely had we crossed the threshold, when a female voice from an inner room inquired, "Who dat?" My host, "on hospitable cares intent," answered not; when the voice was heard again in a higher and sharper tone—"You Polly, who dat come in dah?" The little girl, to whom this seemed to be addressed, made no reply, but gliding silently into the room from which the voice had come, the hitherto concealed speaker made her appearance. "Sarvant, sir," said she, making a low courtesy, and evidently much confused; "I did thought 'twas one of the men."

"Polly," said my guide, looking around for the little girl—but Polly was gone, to tell, doubtless, the news—"Whay Polly?"

"She done gone out."

"The gentleman want some water. Tell her to go git the piggin run to spring tyreckly."

The woman went, and I heard her voice shrill and loud—"Oh! Polly!" and then, dwelling long upon the interjection "Oh!—!—! Polly! No-an Oh!—!—! Polly!"

"Here me, mammy."

"Here, gal, make 'ast an' fetch a piggin o' water. Run every step o' the way. You hear? An' min' you don't fall down an' spill the water."

"My good woman," said I, as she re-entered the house, "my walk has made me somewhat hungry. Can you give me any thing to eat?"

"I reckon, master, I aint got noth'n' you kin eat—but ef you'll wait twell I run up to the gret 'ouse, I'll git somethin'."

"It is scarcely worth while to take that trouble," (said I, anxious to see how they were provided with food,) "what have you in the house?"

"The gentleman too hungry to wait, Fanny," said her husband; "you git the sifter an' siff some meal, whell I go to henn-'ouse an' git some aggs."

"Dah's taters," said the woman.

"Sho' nough. You Polly," said he to the girl who just entered, dripping like a water-nymph, having in her haste spilt a good quantity of water upon herself—"You Polly, jump down on the tater-hole, an' git out some taters."

The girl lifted two or three thick planks bored with many holes, which, with six or eight others like them, occupied the centre of the earthen floor, and in a moment disappeared in the dark cavity below, the existence of which, I had not until that moment suspected.

"Which sort you want, daddy?"

"Which sort you love bes', master, brimstone or moodus?" Being puzzled, I desired him to choose for me.

"Han' out de brimstone, gal."

Whilst my lunch was in preparation, I employed myself in surveying the room. The chimney occupied one entire end of the house; that is to say, was about fifteen feet in width. In the middle of this was the fire, leaving room on either side for seats. Opposite to each other were two

small windows, or "light-holes," as the negroes sometimes call them, each having a shelf beneath it. The two corners most remote from the fireplace, were occupied, only by a little table with a small triangular deal cupboard nailed above it to the wall—the other lay by a hommony-mortar. Behind the door a very small shelf supported the good man's razors, &c.; and just above this depended from a nail, a very irregular polygon of looking-glass, fitted into a piece of pine bark by way of frame. Near the fire stood, on one side, a spinning-wheel, and on the other, a bedstead and bed. A short ladder in one corner terminated at a square hole in the ceiling, and formed a communication with the loft, which is used as a store-room for broom-corn, shuck-mats, &c. It may be necessary to explain, that "shuck" is a name here given to the husk that envelops the ear of the Indian corn, and of which the negroes make mats, chair-bottoms, and even horse-collars, for sale. High on the wall hung some half dozen dry, inflated bladders, and many festoons of capsicum.

The family contained one individual not yet named; *vide licit*, the pig—who seemed to pass in and out just as his own humor dictated; liable, nevertheless, to an occasional cuff, whenever his nose was detected in unlawful places. It appears that each grown person of good reputation, is permitted to have constantly on hand one of these animals, which in due season is killed and sold, generally to the master, provided he will give a fair price, or salted and smoked in their own chimneys for their own use.

A little cross-legged table was put before me, upon which were spread fried eggs, sweet potatoes roasted in hot ashes, bread baked upon a hoe,* and a plate of honey. I found no difficulty in doing justice to this display of hospitality, and was just finishing my demonstration, when Henry, W——'s little son came in. "Aunt Nanny, mother says that if you have any eggs to sell, you may bring them up this evening, and she will buy them." [Whenever an elderly negro is addressed by a young person, white or black, the words *Uncle* and *Aunt* take the place of Mr. and Mrs.]

"Yes, honey, I got some. How many does she want?"

"Two or three dozen."

"I ain got so many as dem. Is you been ax yo' mammy?" [A nurse is always called "mammy."]

"No. I am going to her house now."

His eye now fell upon me, and after apologizing for not observing me sooner, he despatched a negro boy to meet his father, whom he had seen coming over the hill, and let him know that I was at "Tom's house." W—— soon entered, and after some conversation with me, he turned to my host:—

"Tom, here are eleven and sixpence, the money Wilcox owed you for chickens. I deducted it from the price of the work he did for me. If I had not owed him, you would never have been able to get it from him. He wishes to buy your bacon. You will have sense enough, I hope, not to place yourself again in his power?—not to sell him your bacon on credit?"

"Thank 'ee, master. I ain gwine le'm have it, no how."

"That ah brindle steer, b'longs to Mr. Reed been broke into our fence dis mawnin' an' let in all Mr. Reed cows, an' owun too: an' de whole on 'um was at our cawn-pile, untwell George he seed 'um, an' he set de dogs a'ter 'um, and druv 'um out. 'At's de most tarrifyin' cow I ever see. She walks in an' she walks out, whahsomever she pleases. She pull down fence same as people."

After giving some directions about his fences, W—— inquired of Nanny concerning her sister's health.

"She mighty weak to-day, sir, I thank you."

"What does she complain of?"

"She think it's the rheumatis—not so, she's catch a vi'lent cole; an' ole aunt Molly whah most in gin'ral stays with her when she's sick, was 'blige to lef her to-day, eaze Big Tom wife was taken very sudden this mawnin'."

"Tell Polly to send to the house for any thing that may be required."

* A kind of griddle.

"Yes, sir; but missis is been down a'ready, an' fotch every thing."

I find it impossible to give on paper a just idea of their manner of pronouncing many words. Indeed, the same word comes in many different shapes from the same mouth. Those in which *th* occur, are particularly liable to mutation. Take for example the word *there*. Besides the correct pronunciation, which they sometimes give it—we have "thah," and "dah," and "deyah." The variations of *that* are "dat" and "at." They seem to have an especial dislike to the use of the letter *r*, and scarcely ever sound it but at the beginning of words.

Instead of names to distinguish them, they are better known as "Mr. Reed's Bob"—"Mr. Jones's Ned," &c. But if there be two of the same name upon the same plantation, each has a prænomen derived from his appearance or occupation. On W——'s property, for instance, there were no less than six Toms; viz., Little Tom, the overgrown author of the jeremiad about "Mr. Reed cow"—Big Tom, so called, because, being older than the other, he was, many years ago, larger—Lame Tom—Ploughman Tom—House Tom—and Betty's Tom.

Feeling disposed to witness a corn-shucking, I left the house, and guided by a negro boy was placed, at my request, in a situation from which I could see and hear all that was going forward, myself unseen.

About eighty or a hundred men were seated around a huge heap of corn, tearing off the husk, and throwing the denuded ears into spots where they were at once separate from the corn-pile, so called *par excellence*, and convenient to the operators. On the summit of the pile, sat a person, selected for his skill in improvisation, who gave out a line in a sort of rapid chant, at the end of which the whole party joined in a chorus. The poet seemed to have no fixed object in view, but to sing. He passed from one subject to another without regard to connexion. I have retained in memory the following lines, which may serve to give some idea of their style of composition. They seldom use the sign of the possessive case:

"Oh, Jenny gone to New-town,
Chorus. Oh, Jenny gone away!
She went because she would n't stay,
Oh, Jenny gone away!
She run'd away, an' I know why,
Oh, Jenny gone away!
For she went a'ter Jones's Bob,
Oh, Jenny gone away!
Mr. Norton, good ole man,
Oh, Jenny gone away!
Treats his niggers mighty well.
Oh, Jenny gone away!
Young Tim Barnet no great thing,
Oh, Jenny gone away!
Never say, come take a dram.
Oh, Jenny gone away!
Master gi's us plenty meat,
Oh, Jenny gone away!
Mighty apt to fo'git de drink.
Oh, Jenny gone away!

After running on in this way for ten or fifteen minutes, any one of the company who may be so disposed, strikes in at the top of his voice with a new tune. The hint is not lost on the leader, who immediately adopts as well as he can, his words to the air, if such it may be called, and moves on with perfect readiness in the same rambling style, contemning both rhyme and metre. By the bye, it is curious to see how they get over any difficulty about adapting their unequal lines to the tune. The latter is a bed of Procrustes.—If the verse be too short, some word is dwelt upon until the measure of time is filled—if there be more than enough, the redundant syllables, sometimes to the number of three or four, are run rapidly through upon one note.

An old negro regulated the movements of the bottle, but the vigilance of "Uncle Abraham" could not entirely prevent excess, as was manifested by an occasional burst of wild shrieks from some of the party.

The shucking continued until about eleven o'clock, at which time they all retired to a very plentiful supper; and I could not perceive next morning, that their exertions either in singing or drinking had done much damage. They were all arrayed in their best, clean and cheerful.

Negroes are the most uncompromising aristocrats in creation. For a "gent'man" they entertain the profoundest respect. With a far different eye, however, do they regard those whom they term "po' white folks." For these they feel a perfect contempt, which extends itself the second and third generation. If, by good fortune or successful exertion, one of this class shall have placed himself in a more elevated position in society, and should by any means offend a negro, his remark is—"Tain no' mo' 'an any body could 'spec." He larnt it when he was gravellin' taters for he daddy dinner." "He ain no body, but ole Jack Smith's son whah use to keyah (carry) oshters about to sell—an' now he put's on all dese ars."—"Ef my skin wa'n't black, I'd make a better gent'm'n he is."—"Ef I wan't't no better off 'an his daddy was, I'd agree to be drowned."

Their attachment to the families in which they have been born and bred, is often truly surprising. Any good or evil which happens to "Master," "Mistress," "Mass Henry," or any of "de childun," excites or depresses them as though it were their own.

It often happens that the more careful among them, not only accumulate a number of little luxuries, but keep always on hand a small stock of ready money. W—— has a slave, who is a waiter in a tavern in the town of ——, about twenty miles distant. He is now here on a visit to his wife. In reply to some inquiries about his situation, he said—"I makes a rule, sir, always to be perlitte, and the consequence is, that when any gent'man I waits on its gwine away, he says to me, says he, Andrew, I mu'sn't forgit you, my good feller, says he; here's a half a dollar. So on wid another, I always has a plenty o' money, an' my wife don't have no trouble to raise no hogs, an' sitch like. I buys all her bacon, an' she drinks her tea, an' her coffee every day; an' she has I don't know how many dresses—calliker and silk, same as a lady."

I inquired if he was sometimes whipped. He drew himself up, obviously something wroth—"No body ever totch my back, sir, excep' my daddy an' mammy, when I was a little shaver about knee-high."

The articles they bring to market are chiefly quails taken in trap, chickens, ducks, eggs, fish, brooms, shuck-mats, and straw hats of their own manufacture, honey gathered from their own apiaries, and from the hive of the wild bee, and an endless variety of fruit, which this climate produces in the most lavish abundance. Many of them are mechanicks, and employ their leisure in making for sale articles proper to their several callings, such as tubs, shoe baskets, &c.

I have lost no opportunity of observing the relation which exists here between master and slave, and am now satisfied that my previously formed notions were very erroneous.—Profound respect on our part, is most generally met by kindly consideration on the other; and protection and dependence, here as elsewhere, beget confidence and affection.

THE INCONSTANT.

Ah! Mary, smile not at my woes,
Nor mock my just upbraiding;
When you to Henry gave that rose,
Your love to me was fading.

I sacred held the oaths you swore,
Then wherefore can you wonder:
When Mary Henry's favors wore,
Our ties were rent asunder.

There's but one love—one way of love—
Whole, changeless, and confiding;
Let but a doubt th' enchantment move,
And where's the spell abiding.

WRITTEN FOR THE DOLLAR MAGAZINE.

THE DEVIL'S TOP :

OR,

THE LIGHT OF HEART.

AN INDIAN LEGEND OF POINT AU BARQUE.

If the reader will spread the map of Michigan before him, and run his finger along the western coast of Lake Huron, northward to the point where the Saginaw bay flows into it, he will find "Point au Barque" designated. It is about one hundred and forty miles from Detroit, and seventy-two from Fort Gratiot. This Point is bold, composed of red sandstone, over forty feet in height, and most singularly formed; deriving its name from its almost perfect resemblance to the hull of a vessel—and with this curious phenomenon of nature our tale is connected.

There was a time long gone by, when the Indian tribes living on the shore of Saginaw bay were at enmity with those of the Miami valley, and frequent inroads were made by war parties into the dominions of each other. Upon one occasion, a party of about twenty warriors of the Saginaw tribe, succeeded in laying waste several plantations of corn, belonging to the Miamis, which were at that time left to the care of the women and old men—the warriors being out upon a similar crusade among their enemies, farther west. After butchering, indiscriminately, men, women and children, they selected a beautiful young squaw, whose Indian name we have forgotten, but interpreted, signifies "The Light of Heart," and carried her into their own country. Her charms, her grace, vivacity, and sweetness of disposition, (for of these accomplishments the aborigines are not ignorant—nor are they less susceptible to their power than the more enlightened portion of the human race,) won the hearts of the youthful warriors among whom she was a captive, and great was the contention for the possession of the dark-eyed beauty. Each used his best endeavors to win her love; but all were equally unsuccessful. She would listen to none of their importunities. The music of their flutes fell upon listless ears. Their presents lay in heaps unnoticed before her,—in vain they endeavored to soften her heart by heroic exploits or kind caresses. She was a Miami, and she spurned the offers of the enemies of her nation. She laughed at them and called them dogs. All milder efforts failing, they resorted to fear, but with no better success. She vowed she would die rather than be the wife of a Saginaw. It was at last resolved that he who should bring to the village the greatest number of bear skins, should be entitled to the Miami maiden, and that she should be forced into a compliance with his wishes.

After much preparation, and the usual feasts and dances for the success of the expedition, and sacrifices to the Spirit of Good for his blessing, and the Spirit of Evil, that he might keep from their path, nearly one hundred warriors set out upon the great hunt, each in anticipation of being the victor.

This decision of the old men, made in council, to prevent the shedding of blood, in which they foresaw these contentions would eventually end, struck terror into the bosom of the Light of Heart, but it soon gave place to a settled determination to escape even at the peril of her life. Nearly two

months had passed away, yet no tidings of any of the party had been received, and all things carefully and secretly prepared for her flight being ready, she only waited a favorable moment to effect her purpose. The day previous to the time fixed for their return, news was brought, that the party were within a day's march of the camp, and our heroine well knew that she must either effect her object that night, or be consigned to a fate she loathed and abhorred. Morning dawned and with it came the triumphant whoop of the competitors. Each deposited his pack at the feet of the judges, who were to decide upon the merits of the several claimants. Many, however, withdrew from the contest, being convinced by a cursory glance at the others that their case was hopeless, and before the council prepared to enter into the examination, six only presented themselves.

Of these six, Macouse proved to be the successful candidate. This young warrior was the bravest among his tribe—possessed of powerful muscular strength, but not very remarkable for good looks. His disposition was violent—his temper ungovernable. Implacable—deceitful—treacherous and revengeful—he had frequently, and for slight causes, struck an adversary dead upon the spot; fear of his prowess and a belief in his supernatural agency, preventing retaliation according to Indian custom. His success, therefore, was as much regretted by all—belle and beau in the tribe, as it was prized by him. When, however, on repairing to the wigwam of his intended, he found she had flown, his rage was ungovernable. Mad with disappointment, he flew from cabin to cabin making inquiries of every one what had become of her. But no information could be elicited which could furnish a clue to her disappearance. All were satisfied that she was in her hut at the hour of rest, but they had been too much excited at the return of the huntsmen to think of her. The impetuous young warrior was not thus to be thwarted. A thought struck him at last, and he proceeded to the beach, where his quick eye soon discovered the absence of their lightest and best birch canoe. He was no longer at a loss as to the route she had taken. Macouse leaped into the nearest canoe, and called upon others to follow his example and assist him in his pursuit. But the jealousy they felt at his success, and the utter detestation in which he was held, caused them to a man, to refuse their aid. He was not, however, to be baffled by these difficulties; but with execrations of defiance he pushed his canoe from the shore, and soon glided past the mouth of the river.

Ten miles to the South West of Point au Barque, there is a second point, stretching out into the Bay, almost as singular in appearance—called by the Canadians, Point au Chapeau. At this point, about twenty feet from the main land, a rock rises out of the water to the height of thirty feet, crowned by pines and a low growth of spruce and hemlock, which gives to it at a distance the appearance of an immense hat, from which circumstance it derives its name. Still farther up the bay a third point presents itself formed by the mainland and a large rock, making an island, much resembling the lower half of a loaf of sugar. This is called "Sugar Loaf Point." Although these points are all from twenty to forty feet high, and very perpendicular, the shore intersecting is low and sandy, forming a beautiful beach, gradually rising till it recedes into knolls of an equal elevation with the points.

Moving up the bay, the next point we arrive at is "Point au Chien"—low, but remarkable for the delightful forest of oak which covers it, seemingly set out by the practised hand of the most systematic gardener; and for the dangerous rocky shoals extending three quarters of a mile or more from the land. A few miles above this point, Crooked River pours its waters into the bay. Upon the bank of this stream, in a most lovely spot, the camp of the Saginaws was located. I doubt much whether there is a coast of equal distance which presents such varied and singular scenery as that of Saginaw Bay. In some places it is truly beautiful, high and luxuriant in vegetation—in others low, marshy, and disagreeable. But to return to our story.

The Light of Heart had by her choice of canoes, proved herself a girl of discretion, for it glided swiftly, with little exertion, through the water and seemed scarce to touch the surface. Ere her flight was discovered, she had succeeded in gaining Sugar Loaf Point. Finding as yet, none in pursuit, she felt that the distance between her and the camp was sufficient to secure her escape, and as her exertions during the night had sharpened her appetite, she landed, built a fire, and after partaking of a hearty meal and such repose as her fatigue demanded, she proceeded slowly on her way. In the mean time, Macouse, as we have previously shown, had left the village in pursuit of the fugitive. As he approached Sugar Loaf Point, he came in full view of the Light of Heart, shooting past Point au Chapeau, and with a whoop of exultation, he redoubled his exertions.—He now felt sure of his prey, as his great physical powers enabled him to gain upon her at almost every stroke of the paddle.

The maiden, however, had also caught a glimpse of her pursuer, and she increased her speed when hid from his view by the projecting rocks. Two-thirds of the distance between the last named point and Point au Barque had been passed, when Macouse again appeared at the Chapeau. This nearer view of his person caused a shudder of horror to pass through the whole frame of the Indian girl; for of all the young men she had seen during her captivity, she despised this man the worst, and she knew by the high and gigantic proportions of the pursuer, and by the peculiar dress he wore, that it could be none other whom she was doomed to serve. She had but one hope, and that lay in the lightness of her canoe. Although Macouse was fast gaining upon her, she knew, if it were possible to get to leeward of Point au Barque before he came up, escape would be certain.—She therefore made directly for the point, passing unharmed through the breakers, which were quite high over the bar, extending along the coast within half a mile of the shore, and which to an observer would have appeared impossible to weather with such a sea and in such a frail and fairy-like vessel. Even Macouse, the bold, fearless, undaunted warrior, viewed the attempt with surprise and vexation. He dare not follow—his wooden canoe would not ride the waves as did the light birch of the Light of Heart. He had then no other alternative than to keep outside the surge, and endeavor to make up in strength what he lost in distance.

When Macouse left the camp in the morning, the bosom of the bay was as calm and smooth as a new polished mirror. It was September, when the heat of summer gives place to

the soft and balmy winds preceding the autumnal blast. At this season, although marked at the west by its serenity, storms of great violence at intervals arise, frequently causing great destruction to property and life. As we have said before, the morning was delightfully calm and serene—not a ripple disturbed the face of the transparent waters—the wild birds cheered the otherwise quiet scenery, by their sweet warbling, and above, below, around, all was dressed in Nature's loveliest guise. But the sun had scarce passed the zenith, when Boreas sent forth his mandate—dark lowering clouds appeared above the horizon—the waters were fast beating into foam—the sky grew darker and darker—vivid flashes of lightning played through the heavens—the trees bowed their heads in token of submission to the spirit that hovered over them, and it appeared as if the god of war had let loose his whole artillery for the destruction of man.

During such storms as these, Point au Barque is exceedingly difficult to double, and is considered by mariners one of the most dangerous spots in their lake navigation. Where then can we find words to describe the situation of our heroine amid this war of the elements, as in her frail canoe she endeavored to weather the fatal spot. She strove hard to gain it, and as with each moment the storm increased in violence, billow after billow rushed past, or poured into her vessel, threatening instant destruction, and at every sweep of the oar, her progress became more and more hazardous. Yet she strove as with supernatural strength, unconscious of the power of the storm, confident in the hope of finally overcoming all difficulty, for beyond the point she would be in comparatively smooth water, and she was aware of the utter impossibility of her pursuer's following in his low canoe.

Macouse had become over excited from the protracted length of the pursuit. Eager for his victim, he felt not the danger of his situation, nor for a moment harbored the idea of the probability of her escape. He had now approached within a few rods of the pursued, and his wicked eye beamed with delight as he imagined her already within his grasp. The poor girl was well nigh overcome by excessive exertion—yet liberty was almost at hand—one last effort, and fear and doubt would be removed. It is done—but alas! for the weakness of humanity, the waves were more potent, resisted her efforts, and again she was driven back. One trial more, the surge might be overcome. Again she braved it, and was precipitated into the raging waters.

Macouse gave a yell of exultation as he plunged in after her. Although the Light of Heart was exceedingly fragile in form, and usually mild and kind in her disposition, she had become, by the now certainty of recapture, desperate, and resolute in her determination to free herself from her adversary either by his or her own death. She felt for her knife, but a new disappointment met her in its loss, it having escaped from its sheath as she fell from her canoe. She therefore prepared for the last alternative as the savage clasped her in his arms. A fearful struggle now commenced—she for self-destruction—he to secure a wife. Her opposition and reluctance to become his increased his desire, and notwithstanding the danger he thus incurred, he would, as often as she succeeded in releasing herself, again grapple her. Repeatedly they would disappear beneath the water, and again would he bring her to the surface and bear her towards the shore. Her fate seemed inevitable, and she

was about yielding to what she considered the will of the Great Spirit, when a wave swept towards them with such force as to tear them assunder and cast her upon the shore, while the undertow, in receding, bore him irresistibly back to sea. This was an unexpected deliverance, and hope again beamed within her bosom. She sprang upon the rocks, and climbing upon the table land that forms the point, concealed herself in the thick undergrowth which covered it.

It was now nearly dark, but from her position she could see her enemy buffeting with the waves. The storm still increased in violence, and he had to contend against fearful odds. Nevertheless, he gradually neared the shore. Fear and hope would alternately usurp dominion in her heart as he came nearer or was carried back by the flood. It was a desperate struggle between life and death. He had faced danger in many shapes without shrinking, but to die so ingloriously was more than his proud spirit could bear, and the ridicule the recollection of him would call forth was still more galling. But what is man that he should contend with the power of the Great Spirit? His efforts became fainter and fainter—his eye-balls glared with fury, and with horrible imprecations upon her for whom he had thus hazarded his life, he sank to rise no more. Can we censure the wild and frantic joy of the Indian girl at this termination of her adversary's career—for the songs and dances she offered up for her deliverance? Alas! little do we know the fate for which we are reserved.

We would here be willing to draw a veil over the rest, and leave the reader in happy ignorance of the fate of the Light of Heart. Were we to do so, however, how many pretty little hearts would throb with anxiety to know her end; and how many sweet faces would be disfigured by vexation—perhaps this paper would, in their anger, be sent whirling into the darkest recesses of the room.

Night came on—with it, the storm increased—vivid flashes of lightning "made darkness visible"—dreadful peals of thunder shook earth's foundation—trees were torn up by the roots and whirled far to seaward—rocks were rent and disappeared beneath the agitated waters, whose roar might have been heard for miles as it beat upon the rocky cliffs. Amid these fearful convulsions of nature the Light of Heart was obliged to remain alone, shivering with cold and terror struck, upon the rock where she had concealed herself, momentarily in danger of being swept into the boiling gulph beneath, or crushed by the falling trees around her. But it was not thus she was to die. A more horrid death awaited her—a death which makes the heart quail to think of it, and causes the blood to chill in the veins.

Hour after hour crept slowly on, as she anxiously looked for daylight, in hope the angry elements would cease their fury with its dawn, and she suffered to pursue her journey homeward. She was doomed never to see the rising of the sun again; for with midnight came at intervals, as a temporary cessation of the storm would admit, what appeared to be the distant baying of dogs. At first she imagined it might proceed from the camp of some Saginaws in the neighborhood; but as the sound approached, her heart beat with pleasure at the thought that it might be a party of warriors from her own tribe seeking vengeance for the act of aggression above recorded. She cast her eyes in the direction from which the sound proceeded, as if it were possible to penetrate the dark-

ness, in hopes of confirming her pleasing illusion. Nearer and nearer came the cry, and she was soon made sensible that her dream of happiness was not real, and that she had only been rescued from a watery grave to endure greater anguish and torture. The discovery of her by the wolves (for from these animals the cry proceeded,) appeared unexpected to them, and they set up a dreadful howl of ferocious satisfaction.

It is well known, with what sagacity these animals surround a deer or buffalo, and after driving him headlong over a precipice, proceed by a safe and circuitous rout to its base and devour their prey at leisure. In this instance they had their victim in a situation which entirely prevented escape, and left the unfortunate Indian girl but two alternatives—either to remain and be torn to pieces, or to make a fearful plunge into the raging billow. The wolves, apparently afraid of treachery, approached slowly and cautiously at first, but no sooner perceived her making for the ledges of rock, which project over the abyss, than they closed upon her; several succeeding in getting in her front and cutting off her escape. Her eagerness to accomplish her object, prevented her noticing this movement, and ere she was aware she had rushed completely into their paws. With a stick she stretched the first two of her assailants dead at her feet, but the strength of their forces was too much for her exhausted state. A few moments more of desperate struggle—one heart-rending shriek, and her spirit took its flight to the Happy Hunting Grounds.

It is still asserted by some, that every stormy night, like the one on which she perished, her spirit may be seen contending with those of wolves, and with one such shriek the phantom vanishes. As to the remains of Macouse, it is said they took, through his supernatural agency, the form of a rock, which may be seen to this day by any one who will take the trouble to visit the spot, a little to the left of the table land. It much resembles a huge top with two points, and is known to voyagers by the name of the DEVIL'S TOP.

H. H. S.

IRISH BRAVERY AND HONOR.—On the surprise of Cremona, by Prince Eugene, in 1702, when Villeroi, the French general, most of the officers, military chests, &c., were taken, and the German horse and foot in possession of the town, excepting one place only, the Po Gate, which was guarded by two Irish regiments, commanded by O'Mahony and Bourk, before the Prince commenced the attack there, he sent to expostulate with them, and show them the rashness of sacrificing their lives where they could have no probability of relief, and to assure them if they would enter into the imperial service, they should be directly and honorably promoted. The first part of this proposal they heard with impatience, the second with disdain. "Tell the Prince," said they, "that we have hitherto preserved the honor of our country, and that we hope this day to convince him that we are worthy of his esteem. While one of us exists, the German eagle shall not be displayed upon these walls. This is our deliberate resolution, and we will not admit of further capitulation." The attack was commenced by a large body of foot, supported by five thousand cuirassiers, and after a bloody conflict of two hours the Germans retreated:—the Irish pursued their advantage, and attacked them in the streets. Before evening the enemy were expelled the town, and the general and the military chests recovered.

A WAGER WELL MADE.—A wager was once made by two tradesmen of Brighton—one of them a close-set little one, and the other a very tall huge man, in consequence of the latter boasting of his superior strength of body; by which the little one undertook to carry, a considerable distance, "two sacks of wheat, each to contain four bushels, 60 lbs. weight." The little one accordingly procured one sack, and put four bushels of wheat into it, and then drawing the other sack over it, contended that both sacks contained four bushels, which he carried with ease. The stakeholder decided that both sacks did contain the quantity agreed on, and the money was handed over.

FUNERAL POETRY.

The hymn which follows, by Rev. JOHN PIERPONT, was sung in Faneuil Hall, Boston, on Tuesday, April 20, upon the occasion of the city celebration in honor of the memory of President HARRISON. The other three, written by PERCIVAL, were sung in the city of New Haven, on Saturday, the 17th.

We regret that we are unable to find room in this magazine for extended notices of the testimonies of respect, paid to the late lamented chief magistrate. But we are compelled to leave these details to the ample columns of the Brother Jonathan, in which they have been published at length.

ORIGINAL HYMN.

BY THE REV. JOHN PIERPONT.

Robed in sackcloth, dark and deep,
And with ashes on our head,
FATHER, we have come to weep
Round thy cold and lowly bed.

HERO, never shall the drum,
Never shall the savage yell
To disturb thy slumber come—
O, thou sleepest but too well!

Sleepest from thy home afar;
O'er that home the closing day
Hangs the holy evening star—
CHIEFTAIN, such thy setting ray!

To thy glory in the West
Lifted were a Nation's eyes;
PATRIOT, thou hast sunk to rest,
Thou hast set, no more to rise.

RULER, thou hast left a place
Loftier than a monarch's throne;—
CHRISTIAN, through thy Father's grace,
One is given thee near His own.

DIRGE.

Handel's "Dead March in Saul."

How soon the dawn, that shone so bright,
Is deeply veiled in silent gloom!
How soon a nation's hope and light
Sinks in the darkness of the tomb!

[That hope has fled, that light is gone,
Shrouded beneath the funeral pall.
The mourning train move slowly on;
Their steps in measured cadence fall.]

Earth yields to earth, and dust to dust;
Low breathes the sigh, as sorrow flows:
The grave receives its solemn trust;
Our friend there takes his last repose.

Soon he awakes—a fairer morn
Breaks on him, from the heavenly throne!
Unsullied wreaths his brow adorn;
He lives and moves in light alone.

But still we pause in silent grief;
Still bend awhile beneath the rod;
Still seek in tears a sad relief,
And kneel before a chastening God.

Yet not in vain—a softer heart,
A purer spirit fills the breast:
As tears of tender sorrow start,
The angry waves of passion rest.

We lay a brother in the tomb;
We mourn a father and a friend—
He sleeps not in eternal gloom;
Not his the night, that knows no end.

Soon he awakes—a fairer morn
Breaks on him, from the heavenly throne!
Unsullied wreaths his brow adorn;
He lives and moves in light alone.

REQUIEM.

Webbe's "Come ye Disconsolate."

Low in his narrow house darkly reposing,
Calmly the great and good sinks to his rest.
Though the grave over him dimly is closing,
Weep not—his dwelling is now with the blest.

After life's fitful dream, gently reclining—
Doves sleep not softlier, warm in their nest.
Soon a new morning dawns, cheerfully shining—
Soon he awakens to live with the blest.

Well hath he done his task, nobly contended,
Firm for his fatherland battled the foe,
Bright too in peace hath shone all now is ended;
Patriot and Hero, here lieth he low.

Be not disconsolate!—He is ascending,
Where his Sire welcomes him home to his love.
Spirits of other days, over him bending,
Fondly invite him to join them above.

MOURNER'S HYMN.

AIR—"Dundee."

Yield the last office to the dead,
And pause beside his bier;
A few warm tears for him be shed;
The heart is softened here.

Here it forgets its pride and hate;
Here finds its love again;
Good angels round the mourner wait,
And sooth his spirit's pain.

As in the garden once they stood
The suffering Savior by,
Wiped from his brow the sweat of blood,
And hushed his groan and sigh.

So as we weep beside a friend,
Our darkness clears away;
Our years of sorrow fall, and send
A new reviving day.

THE WAITER.—He attributes all virtues to every body, provided they are civil and liberal; and of the existence of some vices he has no notion. Gluttony, for instance, with him, is not only inconceivable, but looks very like a virtue. He sees in it only so many more "beefs," and a generous scorn of the bill. As to wine, or almost any other liquor, it is out of your power to astonish him with the quantity you call for. His "Yes, Sir," is as swift, indifferent, and official at the fifth bottle as at the first. Reform and other public events he looks upon purely as things in the newspaper, and the newspaper as a thing taken in at taverns, for gentlemen to read. His own reading is confined to "Accidents and Offences," and the advertisements for Butlers, which latter he peruses with an admiring fear, not choosing to give up "a certainty." When young, he was always in a hurry, and exasperated his mistress by running against the other waiters, and breaking the "neguses." As he gets older, he learns to unite swiftness with caution; declines wasting his breath in immediate answers to calls; and knows, with a slight turn of his face, and elevation of voice, into what precise corner of the room to pitch his "Coming Sir." If you told him that, in Shakspeare's time, waiters said "Anon, anon, Sir," he would be astonished at the repetition of the same word in one answer, and at the use of three words instead of two; and he would justly infer that London could not have been so large, nor the chop-houses so busy in those days. He would drop one of the two syllables of his "Yes, Sir," if he could; but business and civility will not allow it; and therefore he does what he can by running them together

in the swift sufficiency of his "Yezzir." "Thomas!"—"Yezzir." "Is my steak coming?" "Yezzir." "And a pint of port?" "Yezzir." "You'll not forget the post-man?" "Yezzir." For in the habit of his acquiescence Thomas not seldom says, "Yes, Sir," for "No, Sir," the habit itself rendering him intelligible.—*Leigh Hunt.*

WRITTEN FOR THE DOLLAR MAGAZINE.

THE DEATH OF HARRISON.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

What! soar'd the old eagle to die at the sun!
Lies he stiff with spread wings at the goal he had won!
Are there spirits, more blest than the planet of even,
Who mount to their zenith, then melt into Heaven—
No waning of fire, no quenching of ray,
But rising, still rising, when passing away?
Farewell, gallant eagle! thou'rt buried in light!
God-speed unto Heaven, lost star of our night!

Death! Death in the White House! Ah, never before,
Trode his skeleton foot on the President's floor!
He is look'd for in hovel, and dreaded in hall—
The king in his closet keeps hatchment and pall—
The youth in his birth-place, the old man at home,
Make clean from the door-stone the path to the tomb;—
But the lord of this mansion was cradled not here—
In a churchyard far off stands his beckoning bier!
He is here as the wave-crest heaves flashing on high—
As the arrow is stopp'd by its prize in the sky—
The arrow to earth, and the foam to the shore—
Death finds them when swiftness and sparkle are o'er.
But Harrison's death fills the climax of story—
He went with his old stride—from glory to glory!

Lay his sword on his breast! There's no spot on its blade
In whose cankering breath his bright laurels will fade!
'Twas the first to lead on at humanity's call—
It was stay'd with sweet mercy when "glory" was all!
As calm in the council as gallant in war,
He fought for his country, and not its "hurrah!"
In the path of the hero with pity he trod—
Let him pass with his sword to the presence of God!

What more! Shall we on, with his ashes! Yet, stay!
He hath rul'd the wide realm of a king, in his day!
At his word, like a Monarch's, went treasure and land—
The bright gold of thousands has pass'd thro' his hand—
Is there nothing to show of his glittering hoard?
No jewel to deck the rude hilt of his sword—
No trappings—no horses?—what had he, but now?
On!—on with his ashes!—he left but his plough!
Brave old Cincinnatus! Unwind ye his sheet!
Let him sleep as he liv'd—with his *purse at his feet!*

Follow now, as ye list! The first mourner to-day
Is the nation—whose father is taken away!
Wife, children and neighbor, may moan at his knell—
He was "lover and friend" to his country, as well!
For the stars on our banner, grown suddenly dim,
Let us weep, in our darkness—but weep not for him!
Not for him—who, departing, leaves millions in tears!
Not for him—who has died full of honor and years!
Not for him—who ascended Fame's ladder so high
From the round at the top he has stepp'd to the sky!
It is blessed to go when so ready to die!

MY LOVER.

A BURLESQUE.

BY MRS. CORNWELL BARON WILSON.

Who bore with all my whims and ways,
In courtship's bright and sunny days;
And took me out to balls and plays?
My Lover!

Who told me that my eyes were bright,
And so far surpass'd the diamond's light,
Or stars, that gem the brow of night?
My Lover!

Who said my shape, and dress, and air,
With nothing earthly could compare,
And called me, "fairest of the fair?"
My Lover!

Who, while I basked in fortunes ray,
Was like my shadow ev'ry day,
And still had something kind to say?
My Lover!

But when the sun withdrew its light,
And fortune frowned his hopes to blight,
Who treated me with scorn and slight?
My Lover!

Who made me feel the bitt'rest smart,
That ever cross'd my youthful heart,
Till reason bade me scorn his art?
My Lover!

And now, from Cupid's fetters free,
I smile at thy inconstancy,
And bid a long adieu to thee,
False Lover!

HEIGHTS OF LONDON.—The highest part of London according to the most accurate measurement, is the north side of the aqueduct crossing the Regent's Canal, which is 102½ feet above the Thames level, whilst the whole of Westminster, except the Abbey and part of the Horseferry-road, is below the level of the highest tide. The north end of Northumberland-street is 19½ feet; Wellington-street, Strand, 35½ feet; Essex-street, 17 feet; St. James's-street, 46 feet 7 inches; and the south 13 feet 3 inches; north of Drury-lane, 65 feet; Regent-street, 76 feet; Cleveland-street, 80 feet 10 inches; Gloucester-place, 70 feet; south of Stratford-place, 59 feet 4 inches; and the centre of the Regent's-circus, 77 feet 2 inches; whilst Great George-street opposite the south end of King-street, is 5 feet 6 inches.

THE PALACE DINNER-TABLE.

"Make yourself at home," quoth Vic, as Mel a dainty carved.
"And if I do," cried MELBOURNE, "I shall certainly be starved."

WRITTEN FOR THE BROTHER JONATHAN.

THE LADY JANE.

A NOVEL IN RHYME.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

CONTINUED.

LXXV.

With a declining taste for making friends,
One's taste for the fatigue of pleasure's past;
And then, one sometimes wonders which transcends—
The first hour of a gay night, or the last.
(Beginners "burn the candle at both ends,"
And find the *middle* brightest—that is fast!)
But a good rule at parties, (to keep up a
Mercurial air,) is to come in at supper.

LXXVI.

I mean that you should go to bed at nine,
And sleep 'till twelve—take coffee or green tea,
Dress and go out. (This was a way of mine
When looking up the world in '33.)
Sup at the ball—(it's not a place for wine)—
Sleep, or not, after, as the case may be.
You've the advantage, thus, when all are yawning,
Of growing rather fresher toward morning.

LXXVII.

But, after thirty, here's your best "Elixir:"
Breakfast betimes. Do something worth your while
By twelve or one—(this makes the blood run quick, Sir!)
Dine with some man or woman who will smile.
Have little cause to care how politics are,
"Let not the sun go down upon your" bile;
And, if well-married, rich, and not too clever,
I don't see why you should'nt live for ever.

LXXVIII.

Short-lived is your "sad dog"—and yet, we hear,
"Whom the gods love die young." Of course the ladies
Are safe in loving what the gods hold dear;
And the result, I'm very much afraid, is,
That if he "has his day," it's "neither here
Nor there." But it is time our hero made his
Appearance on the carpet, Lady Jane—
(I'll mend this vile pen, and begin again.)

LXXIX.

The Lady Jane walk'd thro' the bright rooms, breaking
The glittering silence with her flowing dress,
Whose pure folds seem'd a coy resistance making
To the fond air; while, to her loveliness
The quick-eyed mirrors breathlessly awaking,
Acknowledg'd not one radiant line the less
That not on *them* she look'd before she faded!
Neglected gentlemen don't do as they did:—

LXXX.

No!—for, 'twixt *our* quicksilver and a woman,
Nature has put no glass, for non-conductor,
And, while she's imag'd in their bosoms, few men
Can make a calm, cold mirror their instructor;
For, when beloved, we deify what's human—
When piqued, we mock like devils! But I've pluck'd a
Digression here. It's no use, my contending,—
Fancy will ramble while the pen is mending!

LXXXI.

A small room on the left, (I'll get on faster
If you're impatient,) very softly lit
By lamps conceal'd in bells of alabaster,
Lipp'd like a lily, and "as white as it,"
With a sweet statue by a famous master,
Just in the centre, (but not dress'd a bit!)—
This dim room drew aside our early-comer,
Who thought it like a moonlight night in summer.

LXXXII.

And so it was. For, thro' an opening door,
Came the soft breath of a conservatory,
And, bending its tall stem the threshold o'er,
Swung in a crimson flower, the tropic's glory;
And, as you gazed, the vista lengthen'd more,
And statues, lamps and flowers—but, to my story!
The room was cushion'd like a Bey's divan;
And in it—(Heav'n preserve us!)—sat a man.

LXXXIII.

At least, as far as boots and pantaloons
Are symptoms of a man, there seem'd one there—
Whatever was the number of his Junes.
She look'd again, and started! In a chair,
Sleeping as if his eyelids had been moons,
Reclined, with flakes of sunshine in his hair,
(Or, what look'd like it,) a fair youth, quite real,
But of a beauty like the Greek ideal.

LXXXIV.

He slept, like Love by slumber overtaken,
His bow unbent, his quiver thrown aside:
The lip might to a manlier arch awaken—
The nostril, so serene, dilate with pride—
But, now, he lay, of all his masks forsaken,
And childhood's sleep was there, and nought beside;
And his bright lips lay smilingly apart,
Like a torn crimson leaf with pearly heart.

LXXXV.

Now Jules Beaulevres, Esq.—(this was he—)
Had never been "put up" to London hours;
And thinking he was simply ask'd to tea,
Had been, since seven, looking at the flowers—
No doubt extremely pleasant,—but, you see,
A great deal of it rather overpowers;
And, possibly, that very fine exotic
He sat just under, was a slight narcotic.

LXXXVI.

At any rate, when it was all admir'd,—
As quite his notion of a Heav'n polite,
(*Minus* the angels,)—he felt very tired—
As one, who'd been all day sight-seeing, *might*!
And having by the Countess been desir'd
To make himself at home, he did so, quite.
He begg'd his early coming might not fetter her,
And she went out to dine, the old—*et cetera*.

LXXXVII.

And thinking of his mother—and his bill
At Mivart's—and of all the sights amazing
Of which, the last few days, he'd had his fill—
And choking when he thought of fame—and gazing

Upon his varnished boots, (as young men will,)
And wond'ring how the shops could pay for glazing—
And also, (here his thoughts were getting dim,)
Whether a certain smile was meant for him—

LXXXVIII.

And murm'ring over, with a drowsy bow,
The speech he made the Countess, when he met her,—
And smiling, with closed eyelids, (thinking how
He should describe her in the morrow's letter)—
And sighing "Good-night?" (he was dreaming now)—
Jules dropp'd into a world he liked much better;
But left his earthly mansion unprotected,
Well, Sir! 'twas robb'd—as might have been expected!

LXXXIX.

The Lady Jane gaz'd on the fair boy sleeping,
And in his lips' rare beauty read his name;
And to his side with breathless wonder creeping,
Resistless to her heart the feeling came,
That, to her yearning love's devoted keeping,
Was giv'n the gem within that fragile frame.
And bending with almost a mother's bliss,
To his bright lips, she seal'd it with a kiss!

XC.

Oh, in that kiss how much of Heav'n united!
What haste to pity—eagerness to bless!
What thirsting of a heart, long pent and slighted,
For something fair, yet human, to caress!
How fathomless the love so briefly plighted!
What kiss thrill'd ever more—sinn'd ever less!
So love the angels, sent with holy mercies!
And so love poets—in their early verses!

XCI.

If, in well-bred society, ("hear! hear!")
If, in this "wrong and pleasant" world of ours
There beat a pulse that seraphs may revere—
If Eden's birds, when frightened from its flowers,
Clung to one deathless seed, still blooming here—
If Time cut ever down, 'mid blighted hours,
A bliss that will spring up in bliss again—
'Tis woman's love. This I believe. Amen!

XCII.

To guard from ill, to help, watch over, warn—
To learn, for his sake, sadness, patience, pain—
To seek him with most love when most forlorn—
Promised the mute kiss of the Lady Jane.
And thus, in sinless purity is born,
Alway, the love of woman. So, again,
I say, that up to kissing—later even—
A woman's love may have its feet in Heaven.

XCIII.

Jules open'd (at the kiss,) his large blue eyes,
And calmly gazed upon the face above him,
But never stirr'd, and utter'd no surprise—
Although his situation well might move him.
He seem'd as if my lyre shall tell no lies,
That Lady Jane all thought she shouldn't love him;
When suddenly the Countess Pasibleu
Enter'd the room with "Dear me! how d'ye do!"

From the Dublin University Magazine, for March.

THE MEMBER'S LADY.

Among the most interesting and ably written papers which have appeared in the Dublin University Magazine are the "Recollections of a Portrait Painter." For their deep moral influence, and their exquisite pathos, they are enexceeded; and we present the following simple and natural tale, the last published of the series, as the gem of the European Magazines for March.

The scene opens in the borough town of H.—. Henry Dacre is canvassing the borough, with the assistance of his friend Sir Arthur de Lisle. The character of the two friends will become sufficiently marked in the course of the story. We omit a couple of pages of introduction to the narrative. The two gentlemen in their walk pause before a cottage in admiration of its beauty.

It was very small, but everything about it was in the nicest order; the little flower plots were beautifully kept, the grass had the brilliancy and smoothness of velvet, the palings that divided it from the road were snowy white, and the inner fence of sweet briar, unequalled in luxuriance and fragrance. Every thing about the dwelling was in the same style—the walls were as white as the palings, the long transom windows shone like crystal, and the porch above the door was covered with the most beautiful creepers. The little stand of green house plants upon the grass, was filled with the choicest kinds, and not a fallen leaf, not a broken twig had been permitted to remain upon the smooth turf around them. The casements were open to admit the soft summer air, but the blinds in the lower rooms were drawn, and there was altogether such an air of intense quiet about the place that it might have been supposed to be uninhabited, for a form that suddenly appeared at an upper window.—It was that of a young girl, apparently not more than sixteen or seventeen, dressed in the deepest mourning, yet dressed so carefully and neatly that the presiding genius of the grass plots and flower beds was at once revealed. Her complexion, though inclining to brunette, was beautifully clear; her throat and bosom formed with the most perfect symmetry; and the hand with which she drew aside the curtain, was small and delicate, as hand could be. Her dark hair was simply parted on her forehead, and twisted up behind in a knot, from which a few luxuriant tresses fell in rich waves on her shoulders. Altogether, her appearance was so singular, as well as beautiful, that Dacre and his friend gazed on her for some moments as, if spell-bound, without speaking a word. If she perceived them she gave no indication that she was conscious of their presence, for after looking for some time towards the distant prospect of blue hills which stretched far into the distance, she quietly let down the blind and retired.

"How very, very lovely!" said Dacre as they pursued their way.

"Which?" interrogated Sir Arthur, "the cottage or the widow?"

"Surely that was no widow?" said Dacre; so young, so beautiful—besides, though she was in deep mourning, she did not wear a widow's cap."

"Very true," said Sir Arthur.

"Where are you going now, De Lisle, asked Dacre with a surprised air, as, on their return up the lane, Sir Arthur suddenly paused before the white cottage, and unlatched the little gate.

"How can you ask, man?" was the reply, "I am going to make acquaintance with Mrs. Fulham."

"But, my dear fellow, we have not a shadow of an excuse. No gentlemen reside here," remonstrated Dacre.

"We are not obliged to know that, are we?" said Sir Arthur, as he rapped at the door. "Leave it all to me."

The apartment into which they were shown was small, and though the furniture was unexpensive, much taste was

displayed in the arrangement of it. There were some traces of better times in a handsome piano, some valuable old china, and a few richly bound books, and there were two portraits on the wall, one of which, though of a lady of middle age, bore some resemblance to the fair apparition at the window.

"Mamma will be down immediately, gentlemen, if you can wait a few minutes," said a female voice, and the same apparition was before them. Dacre merely bowed, but Sir Arthur, who was never abashed, or at a loss for words, began at once to converse with the fair girl with all the ease imaginable.

"Miss Fulham, I presume,—pray pardon our intrusion, but we called on a little business which we shall have the honour of explaining to your mamma presently. Meanwhile I must congratulate you in having found so beautiful a residence in this neighborhood, though I doubt not it owes most of its beauty to your influence."

"We certainly have a very fine prospect from our windows," said Ellen; and simple and common as her words were, Dacre thought he had never heard so musical a sentence issue from human lips; and as De Lisle and she talked, the discourse gradually turning on the flowers before them, and the little canary that hung in the window, and as she desecrated on the culture of the one, and made the other sing his sweetest song, with all the artless enthusiasm of a very young girl, Dacre felt as if a new world of beauty had opened on his senses, as if a new existence were beginning within him. Her manner was utterly free from affectation, frank and artless as that of a little child, yet without the least taint of boldness or hoydenism. She laughed at some sally of De Lisle, and what a sweet laugh was hers! No school-girl giggle, no hysteric cachinnation, but a smile made vocal, a sudden gush of music from the heart strings. I wish I could find words wherein to portray the loveliness of Ellen Fulham, but I might as well try to describe the tints of a rainbow or the radiance of a meteor.

Presently Mrs. Fulham made her appearance, and while De Lisle is making the best apology he can frame for the intrusion of himself and his companion, we will trace a little of the former history of the widow and her beautiful daughter.

When very young she became the wife of Mr. Fulham, a man many years older than herself, and the leading banker in a flourishing provincial town. He lived in so noble a style and kept up his credit so well, that until his death, it was never suspected that his affairs were in any way involved. On examination, however, they appeared to be in the greatest confusion, and had he lived a few months longer he would have been inevitably a bankrupt. As it was, through the clemency of some of the principal creditors, a slender provision was secured to his widow for her life, but a great change in her manner of living was necessary. She was a woman of meek and chastened spirit, a sincere and humble Christian, and therefore she repined not at the loss of the luxuries and elegance which had hitherto surrounded her.—Her health had for many years been delicate, and even in her time of splendour, she had been so accustomed to consider "this world as all a fleeting show," that she was the better prepared to acquiesce in whatsoever might be the will of the Almighty concerning her. She was never heard to murmur when she left her large mansion, and retired with her only child to the small cottage where they now resided. Yet one anxious thought did sometimes trouble her quiet and resigned spirit. What would be the fate of that child should she be deprived of her mother's fostering care? True, there were friends and relatives, who would not let that fair girl absolutely want, but dependence is a bitter thing, more especially to those who have known none, save on the kindness that never disappoints—that of fond and indulgent parents.

"Very true, ma'am, exactly so; but if you have no votes connected with you, you must have interest. Miss Fulham we called to ask for your interest; you can promise us that at any rate."

"My daughter and myself live in such complete retirement that we are not likely to have an opportunity of testing the

strength of our influence," replied Mrs. Fulham coldly, for she was already aware of the admiration with which De Lisle regarded Ellen, and her motherly heart took alarm.

"Well, then, your good wishes. My dear lady, you can certainly promise us your good wishes," said De Lisle, as he reluctantly rose to depart. He shook hands with both ladies, while Dacre only ventured to bow. "You will permit us to call, and tell you the event of this contest," he continued, and without waiting to hear Mrs. Fulham's answer, they hastily left the house.

"What an exceedingly intrusive and impertinent person!" exclaimed Mrs. Fulham, as soon as the door had closed upon them. "They must have known that there were no gentlemen here."

"Oh, mamma, why should they have come then?" said Ellen, and she stopped short; the colour rising in her cheek, as a suspicion of the true object of their call rushed into her mind. "Besides, I thought him such a pleasant young man," she continued, though without raising her eyes.

"I know you did, Ellen; and that very circumstance gives me pain. Do not look so grave, my darling; come here and sit by me, whilst I talk to you."

Ellen sat down on a low cushion by her mother's knee, as she had done from a little child, and looked up in Mrs. Fulham's face with eyes so sweet and soft, that the monotone stooped and kissed her smooth brow before she proceeded.

"I do not see why you should be so much pleased with this Sir Arthur De Lisle, if that be his name; or I should not have said a word about it. It always grieves me, Ellen, to see you, as I sometimes fear you are, disposed to take strong likings to people at first sight. I fear this person is one who would not improve upon acquaintance."

"Dear mamma, how can you think so? He seemed to me so pleasant and gentlemanly!"

"You thought him pleasant, my Ellen, because he paid you a few idle compliments, and was evidently struck with your appearance. Ellen, you know I have never used the policy which would strive to conceal from you that you have a pretty face. I only want to teach you to rate it at its true value, and to strive to let your chief attraction lie in something far better. As to calling him *gentlemanly*, depend on it his friend Mr. Dacre is ten times more of a gentleman than he."

"What! that cold, proud, silent man!"

"Even so, my dear; at any rate he was not talking nonsense, or using impertinent familiarity in a house where he was an entire stranger. I could plainly see that he was vexed and embarrassed by the very free and easy bearing of his company. But we will say no more of them; for I see a defence of Sir Arthur rising to your lips. I only hope they will come no more."

"I hope so too, mamma," said Ellen; but she deceived herself: she would have felt really disappointed if they had not called again.

Two hours indeed had scarcely elapsed before a messenger arrived from the visitants of the morning. He brought a note for Mrs. Fulham, most respectfully worded, beginning with "my dear madam," and ending with "yours most faithfully, Arthur De Lisle;" and accompanied by two splendid favors of the Dacre blue, richly ornamented with silver.—They were sent, said the note, to remind Mrs. Fulham that she was fairly enlisted in the Dacre interest, and that she must wish them good speed with all their heart. Good Mrs. Fulham! She was not without a touch of human weakness after all; and she read the note aloud in a very complacent tone of voice, after having first perused it to herself. It was very politely turned, certainly; and there was no allusion to Ellen, except a "compts. to Miss Fulham," by way of postscript. She did not say she was pleased, but she laid the note carefully by with the favors, and wondered whether the opposition candidate had any chance.

The nomination of the candidates was appointed for the following day, and of course the bustle in the town was increased tenfold; but the white cottage was as quiet as ever—nay, it seemed even quieter than usual, as the distant

sounds of noisy music and loud voices were borne past it on the wind.

That day Sir Arthur De Lisle was just in his element, in the centre of noise and excitement; speechifying, coaxing, cajoling, dazzling all with his brilliancy, and confounding those whom he did not convince with his rapid and witty eloquence. The heaths about H— were famous for the breeding of a remarkably strong and useful species of donkeys, and the donkey owners were rather an influential body. The Frisbyites had marked them for their own; for one or two elders of the tribe were known to be "liberally" inclined: but the eloquence of Sir Arthur prevailed even in this instance, and the donkey owners of H— went over in a body to the Dacre interest. I do not think the image of Ellen Fulham ever troubled the mind of De Lisle during that eventful day; though when its business was concluded, he gallantly drank her health in a bumper of Burgundy. But with Dacre it was otherwise. The fair face of our heroine had beamed on him amidst all the crowd and confusion, like that of a guardian angel; and her sweet voice was still lingering about his memory, apart from and mingled with the harsher sounds that forced themselves on his outward sense. Let no sceptic insinuate that love at first sight is an impossible thing. Dacre had seen Ellen Fulham but once, but he felt that she could never—never be forgotten.

In the times of which I write, an election was a very different thing to the business-like affairs of these degenerate days. All the tradespeople who sold an article liable to an extra consumption at such a time—all the voters whose residences were at some distance—all the idle boys, and almost all the women, felt it to be their interest to keep the poll open as long as possible. It was a holiday—a jubilee—a time to eat, drink, and be merry, for every body except the quiet householders, and the unfortunate candidates themselves. Therefore, when, at the end of the ninth day, Mr. Frisby resigned, having only three more men to poll, and Mr. Dacre was declared duly elected, all the interested parties aforesaid felt disappointed and annoyed, as they surely had a right to be. For once the successful candidate did not rejoice over the comparatively early settlement of the contest, for his business called him at once to London, and Ellen Fulham had to be parted with. Both he and De Lisle had made many opportunities of seeing her during the last week of their stay, for perseverance effects wonders; and Sir Arthur had made good his footing at the White Cottage, and went in and out just as he pleased, before worthy Mrs. Fulham could devise means to prevent it. Her dislike to him was fast giving way before his powers of pleasing. She had learnt to be amused with his brilliant conversation, and to feel disappointed when his call was made at a later hour than usual. Both Dacre and De Lisle regarded Ellen as the loveliest creature on earth, yet their feelings about her were as different as possible. De Lisle never for an instant dreamed of marrying the beautiful recluse. He intended that his wife should possess rank and wealth, as well as beauty; and Ellen had neither. He told Dacre, indeed, that he adored her, but that whatever the sacrifice might cost him, he must resign her; and immediately after this confidential communication, he went whistling down stairs to give some orders respecting their next day's journey.

Dacre's love for Ellen was such as a man of high and lofty feelings and unblemished honor was likely to entertain for a beautiful and innocent girl; and loving her thus honorably, he was resolved, could he win her, to make her his wife.—He had secretly dreaded the superior tact and accomplishments of De Lisle, and it was an infinite relief to him to find he need have no serious apprehensions of a rival in his friend. Still he was a prudent man, and before making Ellen a regular offer, he determined to see some friends of Mrs. Fulham, residing in London, of whose respectability he was aware, and from them ascertain if the representations she made of her situation were correct. Should his inquiries prove satisfactory, he resolved at once to learn his fate from Ellen herself. He and De Lisle went together to take leave of the Fulhams, and Dacre was pained to see

that Ellen appeared surprised and hurt at the unabated good spirits of Sir Arthur. The fact was, he had flirted with her, was leaving her, might never see her again, and was already anticipating new pleasures in London; therefore he showed as little emotion as he felt. She had gathered two beautiful roses, and gave one to De Lisle, which he received with the most fluent expressions of gratitude; she offered the other to Dacre, and—though his thanks were less fervently expressed, she could not but see how real was the pleasure with which he took it from her hand. In a few minutes, De Lisle had inadvertently twisted his flower to pieces, but Dacre's was held as carefully as if it had been a fairy treasure. Weeks afterwards the circumstance was recalled to her mind, and the withered rose produced in attestation of how dearly it had been prized.

"This place really does seem duller than it used to be," said Mrs. Fulham, one hot drowsy afternoon about a week or ten days after the departure of Dacre and De Lisle; "I am sorry now for your sake, Ellen, that these people ever came, for you miss them sadly I am sure."

"Oh, mamma, you know we have just the same sources of amusement we had before we knew them, and besides you have often said it is wrong to repine when Providence withdraws a pleasure or a blessing;" and she stopped and turned away, for her eyes were filled with tears, and she did not wish her mother to see them. She was often sad now and wherefore? Was she in love? and was it with Sir Arthur De Lisle? Not exactly: he had not the noble qualities that awaken that deep and undying attachment of which a girl, such as Ellen Fulham was then, is capable; but he had excited, dazzled, and flattered her, and she had learnt to look forward to his coming with trembling eagerness, and to feel a gentle regret when he left her. Then there was Dacre, whose good sense and richly stored mind had inspired her with a sort of reverence for him; yet she was certain she was not in love with him—he was too old, too grave, too silent. Yet she was sorry, very sorry to lose his society, for he could tell her every thing she wanted to know, and she felt a kind of reliance on all he said, which she would have been puzzled to describe or account for. Now they were both gone—should they ever meet her again? But who is that tall gentlemanly man coming down the lane? Not De Lisle—he was more stately of bearing. Nearer and nearer he came—it was Dacre—certainly it was Dacre! That it was he, and the reason of his early return to their neighborhood, flashed over her mind with the rapidity of lightning. The "oh, mother, there is Mr. Dacre!" which informed Mrs. Fulham of his approach, was followed by a hasty retreat to her chamber; and before Ellen had arranged her hair to her mind, and effected all the changes in her attire which she deemed needful, Dacre was in the house, quietly but fervently revealing to Mrs. Fulham the love with which her daughter had inspired him, and offering the most liberal settlements in case she should consent to become his wife.

The gratitude of Mrs. Fulham on the prospect of such an advantageous marriage for her beautiful child, may be easily conceived. It was splendid beyond her most sanguine hopes. She was not naturally an ambitious or an avaricious woman, but she could not be blind to the advantages of such a union, and joyfully communicated Dacre's proposal to Ellen. Before the trembling girl could collect her ideas, or fairly balance in her mind the question of whether she really loved Dacre or not, she was his betrothed bride, and he had pressed her to his heart, and saluted her as his own beloved Ellen.

The inhabitants of H— had scarcely subsided into tolerable calmness after the election, when they were called upon to gossip and wonder over the approaching marriage of their new member. Amongst the young ladies, indeed, the astonishment was boundless. Who was this Ellen Fulham? Nobody knew any thing of her or her mother; they never visited, they had not attended the election-ball, or joined the canvassing party for Mr. Dacre, formed by the more vivacious ladies in the little town. Where on earth had he picked up so obscure a bride? There was one young lady who had three votes in her household, which she had teased her father and brothers into bestowing on Mr. Dacre, because

Sir Arthur De Lisle had assured her that Dacre remembered her as a child, and had spoken with delight of the prospect of seeing her again! There were others similarly situated who were all astonished beyond measure, and each secretly holding herself to be ill-used and deceived, resolved never to put faith in a baronet again. Still the preparations for the wedding went on. It was understood that the principal part of the bridal paraphernalia was to come from London, but the orders given to the *artistes* of H—— were so ample, that many doubted if any thing more could possibly be required.

At length the eventful morning dawned. The bishop of the diocese attended at the parish church, and pronounced the nuptial benediction. The bride looked lovelier than ever; for lace, satin, and pearls, beautified even such beauty as hers. Bells rang, children shouted, horses pranced, banners waved; and amidst all the joyful tumult called forth by the occasion, the young bride was borne away towards the metropolis in her husband's splendid travelling carriage.—Alas! of all those who gazed on the member's lady with looks of envy and admiration, there was, perhaps, not one—no, not the poorest in the throng—who would have changed places with her, could the veil of the future have been raised before their eyes!

If ever woman on earth was happy, surely Mrs. Dacre was so during the first years of her married life; yet, perhaps, her happiness was not altogether derived from the mere indulgence of affection. She was mistress of a princely establishment; she was permitted to receive her mother as an inmate whenever and for as long as she pleased, and to add to her comforts by many valuable presents; she had not a wish ungratified, and might indulge at will in all the gaieties that women, especially very young women, are fond of. If she had been very deeply in love with her husband, she would, perhaps, have seen that he would have been as well content had she devoted more of her time to home and its quiet pleasures; but though she loved him dearly in some sort, I will not affirm that he really constituted the principal source of her happiness. Dress, jewels, furniture,—these had become her delight. She had an exquisite taste, and her house, her furniture, and her equipage, were all allowed to be unexceptionable. She delighted in inventing new costumes, peculiarly becoming to her style of beauty; though to give her her due, she always ran first to her husband when she had any thing new or pretty to display. For his part, he looked on dress as so very childish and trifling an affair, that he would scarcely have noticed the fashion of her garments, if she had not called his attention to them herself. He looked at her with mingled pleasure and pain on such occasions;—pleasure, that she looked so lovely, and was desirous to please him—pain, that her mind was so much directed to such insignificant matters. Perhaps he did not understand her either; he did not see how completely her happiness was nurtured in excitement. He had a proud deep love for her; he was proud of her beauty and her elegance—proud to see her admired, and to hear her spoken of in terms of glowing praise; and he loved her tenderly as his wife and the mother of his child. But his was not the lip-love that is for ever flowing forth in rhapsodies about itself or its object. He seldom said anything about it, while every day, every hour, it shone conspicuous in contrivances to give her pleasure, or to add to the luxuries that surrounded her.—Now, her affection, less profound in kind, and more completely the creature of circumstances, had a great inclination for display—not, indeed, before others, her sense of propriety would have forbidden that; but she would steal into his study and with the phrases of love on her tongue, and a playful manner, that to any one less grave than Dacre would have been bewitching; but to say nothing of the difference of their years, that of their dispositions prevented her fascinations being fully appreciated. There was no response in his manner to hers. At the very time he was receiving her caresses, an observer would have thought him cold and unfeeling; but it was not so. His heart was fuller of love than even her own, but his quiet and somewhat formal manner prevented the utterance of it.

If Ellen had been beautiful as a girl, she was endued with tenfold loveliness as a wife and mother. The tastefulness of her dress, and the constant serenity of a mind that had nothing to oppose its will or ruffle its peace, had their due effect in improving her appearance. She retained all the freshness of childhood and elasticity of youth, while her manner was refined, and her enthusiastic spirit directed towards the most graceful pursuits by the example of those amongst whom she dwelt. To see her bending over her embroidering frame, her delicate fingers busy amongst the brightest silks and richest satins, was to look on a personification of luxury.—She retained all her fondness for flowers and birds, and her conservatory was filled with the rarest exotics, and cages of bright-plumed prisoners from all quarters of the world. Her child was a beautiful creature, bearing a marked resemblance to herself, and she loved him with a feeling more resembling a passion than the calm steady depths of maternal affection; and it was in such a home, thus surrounded by every thing that can “minister delight unto the sense,” that Sir Arthur De Lisle found her on her return from a lengthened sojourn on the Continent.

He had not seen Ellen since the day of her marriage, when he himself had given her away, and though he had always thought her pretty, he really felt surprised at finding her much more beautiful than he formerly supposed her to be.—Whether he saw her in her graceful morning attire, surrounded by all the elegancies that set off female loveliness to the best advantage, and playing the mother so prettily as she fondled her beautiful child, or in her rich evening dress, the centre of some group of admirers, the life and light of her husband's stately mansion, he decided her to be the loveliest creature under heaven, and marvelled at his own stupidity in not discerning the germs of all her perfections in the fair young girl who had caught his fickle fancy in days gone by—who had been so lightly resigned and so easily forgotten. Less innocent thoughts and feelings than had been awakened by her beauty before, were aroused within him, for he had undergone even a greater change than herself.—The gay youth, whose errors had seemed to spring more from thoughtlessness than premeditation, had become a dissipated man of the world. His manners were more graceful and his accomplishments more conspicuous than before; but three years' residence on the Continent had destroyed the small influence that moral principle had ever possessed over his mind, and imbued with that intense selfishness in the pursuit of his pleasures, which is the inseparable companion of unrestrained indulgence. Moreover, the refined loveliness of Ellen, her winning manner, her polished elegance, had kindled in his breast a feeling more nearly akin to real attachment than any he had ever experienced; and, with strange inconsistency, he soon began to regard Dacre as one that had in some sort defrauded him of this beautiful prize.

Had Mr. Dacre been less occupied with public affairs, and had circumstances permitted him to spend as much time in the society of De Lisle, as he had formerly done, it is more than probable that the material change in the character of the latter would not have escaped his observation. An hour occasionally passed with him while others were present, did not afford him much opportunity for detecting the real state of De Lisle's feelings; and on the whole, he thought him rather improved than otherwise. Therefore it was, that Sir Arthur was permitted to pass hours and hours with Mrs. Dacre—therefore it was, that her long morning and her noon-tide drive or ride were shared with him; and the world, the Argus-eyed world of fashion, was making its comments and whispering its suspicions, long before Dacre dreamed that cause for suspicion existed.

It could serve no useful purpose to detail the process by which Sir Arthur De Lisle succeeded in weaning Mrs. Dacre's affections from her husband, and fixing them on himself. I might probably render my tale more interesting by describing the allurements to which she was exposed, and the many struggles of her own mind before she yielded to their influence; but I much doubt the goodness of the effect produced by such displays of human weakness. Suffice it that she imagined she found in De Lisle all that she missed

in Dacre—affection that was eloquent as well as deep, attention to her every caprice, unwearied devotion, that flattered her vanity and fed her fanciful craving for excitement; and for this, these vain and deceptive appearances, she put away the faith of her wedded love, nor doubted that the sterling qualities on which she had leaned in Dacre, whose real worth she had never known, because their support had never been withdrawn from her for a moment, would be found also in De Lisle.

I have said that Dacre was long before he even suspected that any thing unusual was going on in his house. The town had been talking of Mrs. Dacre's strange conduct for weeks before Dacre himself had observed any thing strange in it.—How his jealousy became aroused I know not, but it was at one of their country seats that Ellen received the first intimation of his uneasiness.

Dacre had not invited De Lisle to accompany them to H—; nevertheless, the second day of their sojourn there witnessed the arrival of Sir Arthur at the Swan Hotel, and the next morning brought him to Dacre's house. He declined staying dinner, however, a circumstance which, as it will presently be seen, served to increase Mr. Dacre's suspicions.

"Ellen," said he to his wife on the following day, "I want to say a few words to you." The color left her cheek in an instant, and her heart beat so violently that she could scarcely stand.

"Why do you tremble so?" said he with a searching look; "I am only going to ask where you walked last evening after you left me in the dining room?"

She saw that evasion would avail her nothing, and she falteringly answered, "through the shrubberies."

"And who did you chance to meet there, Ellen? Who brought you back as far as the green gate, and was so long in taking leave?"

Again she felt compelled to answer truly, and she replied, "Sir Arthur De Lisle."

"Then, in future, Ellen, I expect that you will oblige me by remaining within doors after sunset, unless I am with you. Ellen, Ellen, Ellen," he continued, after a moment's pause, "you do not know what thorns you are planting in my heart!"

She was silent, but the color returned vividly to her cheek, —then left it pale as before, and she leaned against a chair for support.

"I am not naturally of a jealous temper," said Dacre, in a softened tone. "Ellen, you cannot say that I have ever exhibited that peevish watchfulness which some call a proof of love; and yet the Almighty only knows how deeply and entirely I have loved you! and I believe you yet love me. I do not accuse you of crime, my Ellen, but I have lately observed some imprudence in your conduct—imprudence utterly unworthy of you as a wife, a mother, and a lady of high station. Abjure this folly, dearest; I know you have but to be convinced of your error to resign it; assume that proper dignity which will be a wall and bulwark to you, and all will yet be well."

What a multitude of feelings rushed through Ellen's heart, what thoughts crowded on her brain, as the words of her husband reached her ears. He did not know the worst then; did not even suspect it; knew not that her whole heart (so she vainly deemed) was given up to the idol of her fancy! Well, it was a momentary relief—a breathing time—yet she felt ready to sink beneath the burden of her secret shame and remorse! In the depth of her infatuation she had persuaded herself that Dacre was cold and insensible, and that his indifference in some degree justified her in her devotion to the enthusiastic De Lisle; yet, now he showed himself all that was affectionate, and mild, and generous. What *should* she do? She felt that things could not be allowed to continue in their present position much longer. Must she fall at Dacre's feet, and confess all the guilt and agony that was at work within her? How could she make so mighty an effort? Yet to feel herself reinstated in his favor, to continue to share his wealth and honors, knowing that he blindly believed her innocent—oh, *that* could never be! She put her

hand to her forehead, and felt for a moment as if she were going mad.

Dacre drew nearer to her side, and evidently touched by her emotion, continued thus:—"I see, dearest, that you are bewildered and terrified at the sudden idea that any conduct of yours could ever lay you open to animadversion; I did not for an instant imagine that you knew you were doing wrong; the very innocence of your mind might blind you as to the possible effect of your behavior; but believe me, sweet, we live in a censorious world, and the very appearance of evil must be avoided. Putting aside my own feelings in the case, it was surely my part as your nearest and truest friend to warn you of the error you were falling into." He put his arm round her waist and kissed her, but started back as he felt the icy coldness of her cheek. At the same moment she slid from his embrace, and sank senseless at his feet.

"The time has arrived, adorable Ellen, when you must make trial of the strength of that love in which you have so often professed your entire confidence. The tranquillity of your life has been broken, and the suspicion once awakened, will never be satisfied until all is revealed. How much better then, that the scene, which must come sooner or later, should be enacted in your absence? Every arrangement for our flight and for our future happiness is already made, and I wait with impatience for the sign of assent that shall make you mine for ever. Delay no longer, *beloved love*! I assure you it is useless torture. What you have endured already is not a hundredth part of the suffering that awaits us both if you remain where you are. Exactly at three o'clock tomorrow morning I shall have a carriage waiting at the end of the path through the copse. You can easily reach it with the assistance of Jackson, who is true as steel. God bless you—send me one word—one line—but no refusal, or you will drive me frantic. God bless you!"

"A. De L.—"

Such was the note which Mrs. Jackson delivered into her lady's hand, as she reclined languidly on a sofa three days after the memorable interview with her husband. She read it, and wringing her hands, addressed herself to her maid as if that worthy personage were already apprised of its contents, as there is little doubt she was,—"*Oh, Jackson, what must I do?*"

"Why, ma'am, in course you will do just what you think best," replied the maid pertly; "but after all that's come and gone, I think you had far best try 'all for love or the world well lost,' as my mother used to say. You may depend on it master has been looking uncommon curious and cross-grained ever since you took ill, and it's my solemn opinion he's only waiting till you're better, to examine into every thing; and though I'm sure he shall cut out my tongue before he gets a word from *me*, there's others who might speak, both what they know and what they don't, which is worse; and then he might find the letters, too, if he took it into his head to search the cabinet, and I can't well take 'em without being seen, because he or his valet keeps in that anti-room every hour of the day."

"This is most dreadful," groaned Ellen, "is there no escape—no alternative?"

"Why, ma'am, if you don't consider Sir Arthur's proposal as an escape, I don't know what *is* one," quoth Jackson. "I'm sure we may as well go with him at once, and far better too, for what's done can't be undone; and to my mind, Sir Arthur was the man you ought to have married all along, so after all 'tis no great harm to nobody."

"But, my child, Jackson! Oh, I could never, never leave my own only child!" cried Ellen, passionately.

"Why so, ma'am? I am sure he'll be taken care of, and he is not old enough to feel the miss of you very much, and we could do no good with him on the journey." But though the wife's sense of duty was blunted and perverted, the mother's love was yet keenly alive; and the miserable and guilty Ellen, while she made up her mind to forsake the husband of her youth, was resolute not to move one step from her home unless her child bore her company.

It was a moonless night, but the sky was thickly studded

with stars, looking as purely and calmly down as if no scene of human guilt or agony were going on beneath them. The trembling Ellen, supported by Jackson, who carried a small bundle, stole noiselessly forth, and her child slept soundly under the influence of a soporific draught in the arms of De Lisle's valet, who had been sent to meet them. They reached the appointed spot without discovery, and Mrs. Dacre, more dead than alive, was assisted into the carriage by De Lisle, the child being placed on her lap.

"What is this?" cried De Lisle, as the soft hand of the little innocent brushed his cheek as it was lifted in.

"My child," murmured Ellen faintly—"Oh, Arthur, I could not leave my child!"

"This was more than I bargained for!" muttered the baronet to himself, "but no matter now."

The door closed—the postillions mounted.

"Won't us cut a figure in the papers?" quoth Mr. Crimpe, the valet, as he climbed into the rumble behind, and gallantly drew Mrs. Jackson beneath his ample cloak to shield her from the cold. The whips cracked, the horses sprang forward, and Ellen Dacre was an exile from her home forever.

We must now change the scene to Switzerland, and introduce our readers to the retreat of the guilty fugitives, which was a small but pretty cottage in the neighborhood of Chamouni. A lovelier summer residence could scarcely have been chosen. It stood on a gentle declivity at the foot of a lofty mountain, whose noble summit, "built as for eternity," rose protectingly behind it. The former occupier had taken much pleasure in improving it, and it stood half embowered in evergreens and flowering shrubs, its rustic porches and verandah being covered with the choicest climbing plants. The interior was handsomely furnished, and with more attention to comfort than is usually found in a continental residence.—In addition to this, De Lisle had spared no expense on any alteration that could add to Ellen's convenience or pleasure. Both pictures and musical instruments had been transported there as if by magic. And in the midst of all this luxury and beauty, if I were drawing a fancy picture, I should represent my heroine as gloomy and dispirited, tortured with the horrors of remorse, and vainly longing after the home she had left forever. But I tell an over true tale, and it was not yet that Ellen felt the bitterness of the lot she had chosen for herself. As yet it realized her visions of romantic happiness to the uttermost. She had persuaded herself that Dacre did not love her with the intense and passionate devotion which she was entitled to receive, and which she felt she *did* receive from De Lisle. If a rising thought of pity and sorrow for what she had caused him to suffer clouded her mind, she put it away, and assured herself that *he* would not feel it very keenly, at least not for long, and that amidst the business and bustle of the world he would soon forget her. On gloomy days, when De Lisle was not with her, as was sometimes the case, or in the dead of night, when she suddenly started up, awaking from some dream of old times, a deep sharp pang would momentarily pierce her heart; but the spell, the infatuation was still upon her, and its breaking was yet to come. There was yet no retribution manifested, and her conscience slept that enchanted sleep, from whence the awakening is unspeakably terrible.

It was summer-time then, and she was happy. Let me not be misunderstood—her happiness was not an enviable one. With that deep chastened peace which pervades the mind of the Christian, with that calm and tranquil happiness which is the result of high and holy principle, she had nothing to do. But she was happy so far as the absence of want, or sickness, or unkindness, and the presence of a devoted lover and her own beautiful child could make her. That child was just beginning to speak, to lisp her name, to take delight in flowers and birds, and all beautiful things. Her maid, Mrs. Jackson, who, presuming on her mistress's situation, had grown insolent and tyrannical, had been dismissed by Sir Arthur, and the Swiss servants about her treated her with the utmost deference. All things were submitted to her will—all things were at her command, and therefore she esteemed herself happy.

It was a lovely summer evening; Sir Arthur was absent, having gone to the next town to transact some busi-

ness at his banker's, and Ellen sat by the window watching for his return, but meanwhile occupied in observing the beautiful effect of the sunset light on the opposite range of snow-capped mountains. Her child reposed at her feet on a velvet cushion—she had laid him there in preference to sending him to bed, for amidst all her *happiness* she had a lurking dislike to entire loneliness, and the tears swelled into her eyes as something like a vague thought of the time when *she* so rested by her mother passed over her mind.—That mother was now no more. She had died rather suddenly whilst on a visit at Dacre's, during the second year of her daughter's marriage; and for the first time since her elopement, the thought of how her *mother* would have felt, had she been living, came into her mind. And that thought, once awakened, how many other and darker ones might have followed—it was but one linked unto many; but her meditations were interrupted by the approach of two persons by the same road on which she expected to see De Lisle. They stopped before the gate of the cottage, then went a few steps farther—paused again—returned and entered. A feeling of unaccountable terror seized her mind. She trembled excessively, and almost shrieked as they knocked at the door, although both were entire strangers to her, and she had no idea of the real object of their visit.—The door was opened to them by the valet, Mr. Crimpe, and one of them addressed him in French, but the other impatiently interrupted him, exclaiming in English, "We are all right—that is the valet I know—is Mrs. Dacre at home, my friend?" The man stammered out a denial, and asserted that the house was inhabited only by a Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, which was the name the guilty fugitives had assumed. But the gentleman pushed him aside, and opening the door of the sitting-room, presented himself before Ellen. "Mrs. Dacre, I believe," said he, bowing to the object of his search, who had risen and stood before him, mute and pale as a statue. "I beg your pardon, madam, I have no wish to alarm you, but we come from Mr. Dacre." If a thunderbolt had fallen and rent the earth at her feet, the startled cry of Ellen could scarcely have been more full of terror. She replied not, but she stood with her lips apart, her cheek blanched to the hue of death, and her hand lifted and extended, gazing on the speaker in silent alarm. "We have undertaken a very unpleasant task, Mrs. Dacre," continued the spokesman, "but having undertaken it, we must perform it, and I am glad on the whole that we find you alone." Rousing herself in some degree from her trance of surprise and terror, Ellen motioned to the strangers to be seated, and sank back herself on the sofa. "It is only natural that Mr. Dacre should try to regain possession of a treasure so very dear to him as that he has been robbed of—he is resolved on its restoration, and you cannot blame us if"—"Must I go with you at once," said Ellen, faintly, "Must I?"—"Our commission does not extend to you, madam," was the reply; "Mr. Dacre never spoke of recalling you, nor will he attempt to do so, but we have orders, by any means, to take with us his son and heir, the child who accompanied your flight."

The shriek that Ellen Dacre gave at that moment was so unearthly, so appalling, that even the strong hearts of the men before her quailed and sank as it reached their ears.—Its piercing tones resounded through every corner of the house, and immediately drew the servants to the apartment. She had now started from the couch, and was clasping the child to her bosom, and he had awakened, and clinging around her neck was crying bitterly. The strangers were not unmoved, but their orders were positive, and one of them advancing towards her endeavored to induce her to be calm. But she heard and heeded him not; still retaining her convulsive hold of the child, she sprang towards the door, and finding herself intercepted by the other unwelcome visitant, she sank suddenly down in helpless insensibility. It was long before she returned to consciousness, and when she was in some degree restored, she found that her child had been taken away during her swoon, and that the strangers had departed with it. Many days elapsed ere she regained any degree of tranquillity; and Sir Arthur's consolations, when she was sufficiently composed to listen to

them, were not exactly of the kind she required. He, who could not appreciate the beauty of a pure and virtuous attachment,—how could *he* enter into the holy depths of a mother's love and sorrow? The words "Do not fret so sadly, my sweet Ellen; you are more my own than ever; I have no rival now!" fell coldly on her ears, for she felt that they contained no sign of sympathy in her sufferings. All things around her seemed changed—a vast revulsion of feeling had come upon her. Her child had possessed far more of her real affection than her husband had ever received, even in their happiest days, and in taking him with her she thought she had secured her principal source of happiness. With him, and with the devoted lover who seemed so well to appreciate the sacrifices she had made for him, her life had been like a fairy dream; but her idol was wrested from her, and her heart went with it. Her health began to be impaired by her mental suffering, and the more so that she felt herself compelled to avoid alluding to her loss before Sir Arthur; for she soon found he was impatient of hearing of it; her lamentations implied a reproach to him, and she forbore them, but her pale and sunken cheek soon upbraided him more eloquently than words. He perceived her declining health, but he chose to attribute it to some unwholesome miasma from the neighboring lake, and proposed a change of residence. To this Ellen made no objection; nay, she felt it would be a relief, for *here* the face of her child looked up to her from every object she gazed upon.

Paris! They were in that centre of all that is gay and dissipated; and Ellen's beautiful figure, set off by the most splendid dresses, and her lovely face, whose paleness was disguised by art, were to be seen in every public place of amusement, and in not a few private houses, where the wealth and rank of Sir Arthur procured them admission; and despite the sorrow that was corroding her heart, she had hours of triumph and of gratification; the gratification of vanity, for her beauty and her doubtful position drew trains of admirers around her. And yet, when she returned to the magnificent hotel where they resided, she would weep bitterly, as she laid aside her gorgeous ornaments, and wonder how she *could* have been gay. She felt, too, that Sir Arthur was changed; he was not less attentive to her wants and wishes, he treated her still with the same marked devotion; but she felt in her inmost soul that there was less of his heart in this outward show than there had formerly been! Yes! he was wearying of her, and the bare supposition was too dreadful to be contemplated: yet what right had she to complain? Her child! oh, could she but once more hear his prattling voice, and feel his little arms around her neck, what balm—what blessedness would it bring to her troubled mind! So she thought one evening as she sat in her splendid drawing room, ready dressed for a large party, and only awaiting Sir Arthur's leisure to accompany him thither.

He entered—her eyes were full of tears: he spoke—and they overflowed, in spite of her efforts to subdue the emotion which she knew from experience he disliked to witness. He asked her the cause of her grief, and she flung herself into his arms, and sobbed in agony. "My child, my child!" was all she could utter. He half pushed her from him, with a sudden gesture of vexation, and then asked somewhat sternly—"What of the child, Ellen? Have you heard any bad news of him?—is he sick, or dead?"—"No, no," she murmured: "but indeed I cannot help it—thoughts—terrible thoughts will come to me as I sit alone. But do not be angry with me; I am weak and foolish, and I will strive against it—I will, indeed!" and as she made this promise, she sank on the sofa, and sobbed more violently than ever.

"Really, Ellen," said Sir Arthur, "this is too preposterous; what could you do with your child now, if you had him here? Depend on it, he will be better brought up than he could be by us; and I really think you ought to feel grateful to Dacre for relieving you of any further care about him." It was the first time he had named Dacre voluntarily since their fatal elopement, and the name did not sooth Ellen's ruffled feelings. "Oh that I was with him once more!—that I had never left him!" was her mental ejacu-

lation; but she dared not for the world have given it utterance, for she had already found that De Lisle *could* frown even upon her, and her own wicked folly had cast from her every other being to whom she could look for kindness. She *had* been his mistress—she was fast verging into his slave.

From that evening Sir Arthur's attachment to his victim visibly declined and he no longer took pains to conceal that such was the case. Her beauty was sadly impaired already and her depression of spirits increased day by day. Sir Arthur accused her of ill-temper, of want of affection, of useless repinings and discontent, and, finally—proposed a separation, promising to make ample provision for her support.—This, however, was still deferred; for heartless and selfish as De Lisle really was, he could not be unmoved by her agonised prayers that he would not forsake her—her humble supplications to continue with him still. "We have sinned," she would say, "woefully, fatally have we sinned, and it is just that we should suffer, but oh, let it be together!"

One night—oh, what a night of terrible anxiety and suspense to that trembling sinful woman!—Sir Arthur did not return home, and the next morning a small parcel was delivered to her by the porter. It contained bills for five hundred pounds, and a note which ran as follows:—

"You seem completely set against our parting, Ellen; and indeed a formal parting is a thing more to be dreaded than desired: I shall therefore continue to consider you as much mine as ever. But I am obliged to go to England on business, and my return is quite uncertain. Amuse yourself as well as you can during my absence, and consider yourself free to act as you please in everyway. When the money now enclosed to you is expended, write to me, and you shall have more. Do not think I cease to love you—I assure you I entertain the sincerest regard for you, and it is this that prompts me to my present course of action. Our tempers are unsuited to each other, and though we may still be really attached, it is better we should not *reside* together in future. Of course you will not think of coming to England. When I revisit Paris, believe me my first object will be to see you, and it will rejoice me much to find you well and happy.

"Your's, devotedly as ever,

"A. DE LISLE."

Fallen and disgraced as Ellen Dacre was, she was not without some remains of pride. She saw the professions of esteem in Sir Arthur's letter meant nothing, and she felt at once that she was discarded and forsaken. The thought of plunging deeper and deeper into the abyss of guilt she had entered did not dwell on her mind for an instant. What could she do? Paris was no place for her now: her position there, and the insult to which she might be exposed in consequence of it, was too degrading to be borne. She paid her few debts—Sir Arthur's liberality had left her very few, and prepared to leave Paris. She had never travelled twenty miles alone in her life, and the only path left for her seemed to be that which led to England. Yes! she would go there; make one effort to see her child and her husband, to ask and obtain forgiveness, and then pray to be laid early beside her departed mother.

She landed at Dover. She had been there twice before—once as the bride of Dacre, and once when flying with Sir Arthur; and now she was there again, separated for ever from them both! She rested but a single night, and then proceeded to London. She did not distinctly know where she should go, and left the decision to the post-boy, who drove her to an obscure hotel not far from Covent Garden. Here she chanced to take up a paper, and the first article that met her eye was the "great cause of Dacre *versus* De Lisle." She eagerly ran her eye over it—this then was the business which had brought De Lisle to England! She looked to the end with breathless anxiety—the paper was only of that morn.ing—the case had been left undecided on account of the lateness of the hour, and her head whirled round as she thought it might be closing even then.

How dreadfully black did her conduct seem according to the evidence brought forward there! In her romantic dreams how different she had thought it, and while she ac-

knowledge of the truth of each separate allegation against her, she shuddered with a strange unbelief that she *could* be the vile and worthless being whose portraiture she now looked upon. Then the defence—she could herself have exclaimed against it! It was filled with insinuations against Dacre, and it asserted that he treated her with unkindness, had thrown her in the way of temptation, and that she had been the victim of a scheme to get rid of her! Oh, how utterly false she felt it was!

How should she ascertain the event of the trial? She dared not ask; she felt as if every one must know that she who inquired was the guilty cause of the proceedings, and she trembled even as she begged the waiter to procure her a copy of that evening's paper, which she concluded would contain the information she sought. It came, and all that had hitherto seemed a horrible dream glared on her in frightful reality; her husband had gained his cause, and she was branded for ever as a vile and degraded creature, a traitress to all the purest and holiest ties of life. There was an eloquent reply to the defence that had been set up, wherein all the allegations against Dacre were triumphantly refuted, and her own iniquity and falsehood were unsparingly commented on. Her breach of faith to the kind and affectionate husband who had so raised her in the scale of society at her marriage—her cruelty towards him and towards her only child were portrayed in their true colors—and all ended with the verdict of the jury in her husband's favor, awarding him heavy damages. She was glad—actually glad. For a moment she seemed separated from her own identity, and enjoying the triumph of the right. Then with a sudden consciousness of the real state of the case, she buried her face in her hands and wept.

And now she began to ask herself why had she come to London? Surely she had no lurking wish to force herself on him who had destroyed and forsaken her? No—her child was the magnet that had drawn her there—could she but see him once more! She dared not hope that Dacre would see her—she dared not think it possible he could ever forgive her—but if he could! oh, what rapture to receive his forgiveness and die!

It was twilight; Mr. Dacre's splendid mansion looked dull and deserted, for no merry party was there—no gay throng ever assembled in its wide saloons now. There was a light in the drawing-room, but all was hushed within! A female paced backwards and forwards before the house, her form concealed by a cloak, and her face hidden in a deep mourning bonnet, and ever and anon she paused and gazed wistfully at the solitary light. It was Ellen; she was hovering about the scene of her former happiness, and desolate and wretched as she was, she clung to that place as to the last wreck of home that remained to her. She had taken lodgings in a small quiet street at no great distance, and never ventured out till twilight, when she constantly promenaded the square where her husband resided. She had as yet never seen her child but once, for as she concluded, it was usually put to bed before the hour at which she dared go out; but once she had caught a glimpse of it at the window, in the arms of a niece of Dacre, who she concluded was now his guest. Once, too, she had seen Dacre himself as he stepped from the door to his carriage; she could not see his face, but she thought he looked thinner. And now she had watched for many weary evenings, and her child had not appeared, and the mother's agonized yearning could no longer be subdued. She revolved upon one mighty effort, one struggle to see her child, and, if possible, her husband, for she knew he was already seeking to be divorced from her, and *while yet his wife*, she longed to implore his forgiveness. It was only by an extraordinary exercise of resolution that she ventured with trembling hand to knock at the door, that had once unclosed at her approach as if by magic. To her great relief it was opened by a strange servant, for all those whom she had personally known had been discharged since her flight. She inquired feebly for Mr. Dacre, and was informed he was at home, for Dacre never suffered himself to be denied to the meanest comer, if he were in the house. But the servant said it was a strange time to call on business,—could she not come again in the

morning?

"No—her business was most urgent," and she sank half-fainting upon a bench.

The porter happened to have a compassionate heart, and gathering from her manner that she was agitated and distressed, he hastened to procure her a glass of water, and then having ushered her into a small study, proceeded to inform his master that his presence was required there. That room was only too familiar to her. It was here that Dacre had been accustomed to write his letters, and here she had broken in upon him time after time, to show him some splendid toy, or some new fancy in her dress. She felt as if a weight were upon her and around her, that must crush her to death.

A few minutes passed; a well-known footstep was in the passage, and Dacre entered. He did not recognise her, for the room was imperfectly lighted, and her bonnet and veil almost hid her face. She could not speak—she could not even rise to return his bow, but sat cold and motionless.

"You wish to speak to me, madam," said Dacre, in a tone that thrilled her very soul. "You did not send up your name, but I imagine I speak to that unhappy lady, Mrs. Spearman, of whom my niece, Lady Denham, was speaking a few days since."

Ellen could not reply, but her tears began to flow in spite of her efforts to restrain them, and her low suppressed sobs reached Dacre's ear.

"Be comforted, my dear madam," he continued, in a kind and cordial tone, "we have all our afflictions, but who sends them, can give us strength to bear them. If I am rightly informed, your husband was a brave man, and fell gallantly in a good cause, how much better that he should so have perished than that he should ever have proved himself unworthy of your affections!"

There was a mournful cadence in his voice, and abstraction in his manner, as he uttered the last words of the sentence. He seemed to be thinking aloud,—but after a moment he resumed:—

"Pray be composed,—I doubt not that lady Denham will be able to procure you a comfortable situation, such as you desire; and I will attend to the interests of your son. If he be only trustworthy I think I can promise."

But here Ellen's feelings utterly overcame her. She threw herself at his feet, and clasping her hands, exclaimed,—*"Oh, Dacre, Dacre! only forgive me!"*

Pale and speechless Dacre gazed for some moments on the suppliant,—his gasping lips scarcely able to frame the words, which at length came slowly forth.

"Ellen,—unfortunate wretched woman, why, oh why are you here?"

"I know I have no right here,—I know you ought to spurn me away,—I am wretched, and vile, and lost, yet listen to me for a moment, only a moment, Dacre, and I will go away, and never trouble you again. Only tell me of my child, only let me see him,—I will not touch him,—I will not contaminate him; let me see him, if it is only in his sleep."

Dacre did not immediately reply. He was gazing on the emaciated form and altered dress of the speaker; he was recalling all she had been and contrasted it with what she *was*, and the tears swelled to his eyes, but he made an effort to command himself, and he succeeded.

"Ellen," he said, "this is foolish and useless, your child is not here, he was removed some days since into the country, and even *were* he here, what right have you to see him now? I cannot permit it,—it is best he should forget you, and never hear even your name if I can prevent it, for why should his young days be shadowed with the cloud that has fallen so darkly upon mine? I forgive you, from my very heart, I forgive you, but you have chosen your own path, and a very little time will take from me all right to interfere with you, and deprive you of all claim on me. Nevertheless—" He paused, for the unhappy girl who had been growing paler and paler as he spoke, fell heavily at his feet, as *she had once done before*—and how vividly that time came back upon him.

Dacre was extremely distressed, not only by the sudden

re-appearance of Ellen, but by her illness, for he feared to call in the servants, lest his agitation should betray how strong an interest he felt in her. He raised her in his arms, loosed her bonnet to give her air, and chafed her cold hands between his own. Whilst performing these offices for her, it seemed as if the old times had come back, and that he was but exercising that tender care which he had shown her during her temporary indisposition in days gone by. She gave a long drawn sigh, and the reality of their position was again before him, but still his heart was softened towards the lovely and helpless outcast. He placed her in a large chair, and sat down near her, and though he was silent for some minutes, he addressed her at last, and spoke both calmly and kindly.

"Ellen, you have wrung my heart sorely, but now it bleeds most for you. I can read your story at once. You have indeed sown the wind and have reaped the whirlwind. You betrayed the trust I placed in you, and in your turn you have been betrayed. But I cannot bear to contemplate the utter ruin that lies before you if you are thrown friendless on the world. How you are supported now I dare scarcely ask."

"I understand you," said Ellen, with something like the pride of the days gone by; "I am living on the wages of sin, but I never received them but from *one*, nor will I from another, though I should lie down and perish from actual want."

"Send all that you have left back to him from whom you received it," said Dacre hastily, "send it to the uttermost farthing. You shall not want, Ellen, if you will do this, I will see that a shelter and a home is provided for you, for even yet, you had better owe it to me than to any one else on earth."

He would not permit her even to return to her lodging, but delivered her to the care of the housekeeper, as a lady who was to receive every attention at her hands, and promising to see her on the morrow, bade her good night.

It was not in the room she used to occupy that Ellen passed the night. The mansion where she once reigned mistress was no more at her control, or she felt she would have chosen her own room beyond all the rest. But she was placed in the apartment which her mother had occupied when in tawn, and in which she had breathed her last, thanking God for all his mercy to herself and to her child, and little foreseeing that that child would herself destroy the happiness by which she saw her surrounded. Of all the nights Ellen had spent since her flight, that was the most insupportable.

They met once more, the wretched wife and the scarcely less wretched husband, and heart-broken as both felt, they talked calmly and collectedly together; yet while outwardly composed, Ellen felt as if she were the actor in a drama.—Was not this her own husband? Why did he sit so far away from her, with such mournful eyes, and such a pale, cold brow? Why did she not dare to fling herself on his neck, and weep? What spell was around her, what magic held back her bursting heart—bursting now, as it seemed to her, as much with its old affection as with its sorrow? How natural it would have seemed to feel his arm around her waist, and to see his eyes looking into hers as of old! But she knew this could not be—she could no more stir or ease her heart by impassioned expressions of her agony, than the troubled dreamer whose eyes are open, who sees all that is real around him, yet cannot make the movement of hand or foot which he feels would at once relieve him. God help her!—She felt as if reason must have deserted her.

All was arranged in that interview. Dacre proposed to withdraw her from London, and convey her to a small seaport town at a considerable distance, where, under a feigned name, he knew he should be able to place her as a boarder in a respectable family. She was not to attempt to write to him, or see him again. He promised that every quarter a sufficient sum for her wants, far more, indeed, than she really needed, should be forwarded to her, and that when she received this, she should also be informed of his welfare, and that of her child. He proposed that she should leave town immediately, and resolved himself to be her escort during the journey. She was passive as an infant, and quietly agreed

to all, for she felt she had no right of choice now, and she had a mournful pleasure in acceding thus far to his wishes.—The carriage was soon at the door; he placed her in it, mounted the box himself, and they departed. During the day, he never spoke to her, except to inquire if she needed refreshment, and late in the evening they reached their destination.

Dacre bestowed his unhappy charge in the best hotel that the place afforded, and left her whilst he went to make arrangements with the person with whom he wished to place her. He had known the family long ago, and therefore needed no introduction. He simply described Ellen as a Miss Meadows—a lady, who had lost her friends (ah, she had not utterly lost the best, even then!) and represented himself as her guardian. Money can achieve wonders—it overcame at once all the surprise and scruples, and want of preparation in Mrs. Ashford's dwelling, and she agreed to receive her now inmate that very night. Miss Meadows was to have every indulgence that money could procure, and no attempt was to be made to pry into her history, or start conjectures respecting her. If Mrs. Ashford ever suspected her to be the guilty wife of Dacre, she never breathed her suspicion to any one.

The parting hour came. Ellen stood in a trance, when Dacre entered her apartment to bid her farewell. He took her hand in his—it was cold as marble; he yielded to the impulse of the moment, and impressed one fervent kiss upon her chilly forehead. The next moment he was gone; but he had forgiven her—she was sure *now* he had forgiven her, and that one kiss was the seal of her pardon. Wild and vain was the hope that arose in her mind that even yet there were happy days in store for her, and that in some foreign land, or in some remote corner of her own, she might yet be permitted to spend at least a portion of her time beside him. She knew that she was no more his wife by law, for the sentence of divorce was obtained very shortly after her arrival in S—. But still she dreamed and hoped—she scarcely knew what; and amidst all her desolate wretchedness, her fancy clung to the one gleam of sunshine that she herself had conjured up. She framed her life as she thought Dacre would wish her to do; she read, she prayed, she shrank from observation as much as she could, and her charities to the poor were extensive and well-directed. She forbore to trouble him with letter or token, and for some years she received a few lines each quarter from his man of business, formally announcing that Mr. Dacre and his son continued in their usual health. Often, too, the public prints conveyed to her the news of the political triumph of Dacre's party, and spoke enthusiastically of the coolness, the usefulness, the many excellent qualities which had at last won for him a distinguished place amongst the ministry. And in all this honor and distinction *she* might have shared, had she not herself flung away her right to partake of it! But yet her heart warmed as she read, and thought, and hoped, that perhaps, even whilst he was involved in the turmoils and triumphs of his position, she was yet remembered with regret in some secret corner of his heart—happy delusion!

But this was not to last. The quiet that had been gradually gathering around her spirit was too great a boon to be long enjoyed by such a one as she was. Mrs. Ashford was one evening doling forth the contents of an ancient newspaper, for the benefit of Miss Meadows, her own daughter, and one or two neighbors who were drinking tea with her. Poor Ellen was lying listlessly on the sofa, lending a sort of languid attention to the scraps of slip-slop it contained, and her worthy hostess's comments thereon, when she began to read the list of recent marriages:—

"Sir Stephen Harding to Miss Wetherby."

"Edward Longford, Esq., to Clarissa, only daughter —"

"Why, bless me, Miss Meadows, what's this?—here's an old friend of yours married again, and to think we never heard a word of it!"

"On Tuesday last, the residence of the Earl of Barsbury, by special license, the Honorable Henry Dacre, Esq., M. P., to the Lady Amelia Elizabeth Dunsley, only daughter of the late Earl of Dunningford."

But ere the sentence was concluded, Ellen had started

from the sofa, and snatched the fatal paper from the astonished Mrs. Ashford. It was no mistake—no error—there it stood glaring, as it seemed to her, into her very soul, and the vague and unfounded hope that she had so long secretly cherished was swept away for ever! She was *forgotten*—utterly forgotten; what more had she to do with life?

She fell with a heavy groan upon the seat from which she had arisen, her face buried in the pillow. Her companions looked at each other in astonishment, for her strange and sudden emotion had startled them from their presence of mind. When they approached the sofa, they perceived a small dark red stream trickling over the pillow; they lifted her head from its resting-place, and saw that the lower part of her face was covered with the same fearful hue. She had burst a blood-vessel.

She never spoke again, although she lingered for a few days. The news of her illness was transmitted to Mr. Dacre's agent, and through him to his employer; but long before it reached him in the distant county where he was spending the honey-moon with his young and beautiful bride, the grave had closed over the emaciated form of the guilty and unhappy divorcee.

A RIDE TO MOUNT VERNON.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

If I wished to possess a sketch of the Capitol at Washington, a distant lovely view, blending nature and art harmoniously together, it should be taken from the steam-boat wharf at Alexandria. We lingered to catch another view of it as the boat left us on our way to Mount Vernon. There it laid in all the glory of its pure, majestic architecture! pillowed amid its green terraces and noble trees, all rich and heavy with verdure, and bathed in the misty sunshine of a morning when, literally,

"The sunshine and the rain-drops
Came laughing down together."

With a pure classic beauty, its snowy pillars and lofty front rose against the sky; a soft gauzy mist floated idly amid the trees, and wove itself around the marble pillars; a pile of summer clouds lay sleeping in their own silvery light, in the depths of the sky beyond, and a beautiful stretch of the Potomac, divided us from the picture we looked upon. Its banks were heavy with rich grasses, long and cool with the deep green of mid-summer. There was a cheerful sound in the waters as they came flowing onward to the ocean; here dimpling and curling in the sunshine—there, lost in shadow, and again broken by a rough fragment of the bank, shooting over the water or apparently slumbering motionless beneath the green, deep shadows of a grove that crowded down to its brink. Occasionally a white cottage with its shrubbery and vines, cast a sweet picture deep into the tranquil water. Then came a steam boat, ploughing through all their beauty and destroying their quiet, as it were a stone dashed into the face of a mirror. What a dull, gloomy contrast it was when we turned from that bright scene to the town. Not many years since, I am told, Alexandria was one of the greatest commercial towns of the south, a depot and mart for all the rich products of Virginia; but now, a crowd of gloomy, dilapidated store-houses around the wharves, a sloop or two laden with flour, rocking idly on the water, a swarm of hackney coachmen thronging around the steam boats when they touch at its piers—is all the picture of business or commerce that presents itself to the visitor. Some pretty dwelling-houses are, however, to be seen on the outskirts of the town, as you pass the Mount Vernon road—many of them small, rural cottages, bedded in flower-gardens and draped with honeysuckles.

It had rained over night, not powerfully, but enough to deepen the color and shed a bright moisture over the meadows through which we passed, and the trees which sometimes flung their heavy boughs over our carriage. The weather still continued fitful. Now a troop of clouds gathered in the sky, a few cool bright drops came pattering down upon the leaves, yet scarcely had their dripping music begun, when out came a burst of sunshine, and every thing

looked joyful again. Just before entering the Mount Vernon grounds we stopped before a very small, neat looking house, which stood in a meadow bordering the highway. An immense rose-bush had covered the unpainted front, and from a window blind peered the dark face of its occupant, as we passed. She was a most happy looking creature, a slave, or probably the wife of a slave, who very cheerfully brought a glass of water for a gentleman of our party, and answered my request for one of her roses with a handful of half-open buds, full of perfume, and bright with the morning's rain.—The bush was heavy with blossoms, and yet there was not a full-blown flower in my bouquet, but plenty of green leaves and buds, with the first blush yet folded in their hearts.—Knowing the gaudy taste of her race, I had expected nothing less than a half dozen flaunting roses, with the centre petals turning white with age.

After a time our road became broken and ran through a grove of considerable extent. I was looking with strange interest at a bush of laurel, which grew, in full blossom, deep in the wood, the first I had seen for years, when one of my companions observed that we were in the Mount Vernon grounds. It awoke me from a dream of my early home, which had been awakened by a sight of that bush—a feeling of awe came over me, for I felt that the ground whereon we trod was holy. We rode forward in silence—for our party gradually became subdued in spirit, as we approached the tomb of Washington—when from a bend in the road before us, came a lady and gentleman on horseback. The lady was a slight, graceful girl, probably about nineteen, in a blue habit and black riding cap. Her horse was a small slender bay, and she rode forward with more than usual grace. I did not observe more of her companion, than that he was slight and seemed gentlemanly, for one of our company whispered that the young lady was a daughter of the Washington family.—She rode slowly by our carriage, and looked quietly in as she passed. Her face was pleasing, and rather lovely than beautiful. I never knew what it was to feel a reverence for blood before, but my heart beat quicker when I looked on that young girl, and thought that the blood of Washington was in her veins.

A small ruined lodge stood on each side of the gate, through which we passed to the grounds more immediately round the mansion house. A short distance farther on, was a second gate, where we were met by the gardener, who conducted us to the house. We had letters of introduction to the lady who is now in possession, but forbore to present them, holding it scarcely delicate, strangers as we were, to claim her hospitality. We, however, sent for permission to visit the rooms usually thrown open to the public, and followed the example of thousands who have made the same pilgrimage, in examining the huge and rusty key of the Bastille which hangs in the hall, and in standing for a time in the room which Washington once inhabited, treading upon the same floor, and gazing upon the same objects which he had so often walked over and gazed upon. We lingered upon the piazza, for the scene before us was lovely enough to win the attention, even if divested of its solemn associations. The grounds sloped gently to the Potomac, which here and there broke to sight through the trees which grew upon its borders, and in picturesque clumps about the grounds. An old summer house, fast sinking to ruin, was nestled on a green knoll beneath a cluster of trees, directly between the mansion house and the river. It was a beautiful feature in the scene, yet it looked like a thing of the past, melancholy and desolate, even on a couch of verdure as rich and thrifty as ever felt the sunshine. The scene was very beautiful, yet a strange solemn gloom seemed brooding over each lovely object that composed it. It was as if every thing breathed of his sacred presence, as if every thing we looked upon or touched had become sacred from its nearness to the illustrious dead. We walked down to his tomb, silently and filled with solemn thoughts—thoughts too solemn for strong emotion. The grounds roll downwards from the mansion house, and in a green hollow, midway between that and the river, stands the tomb, a pile of new brick, fresh from the workman's trowel. In front of the tomb, guarded by an iron fence, lies the sarcophagus

which treasures the ashes of Washington, and of the woman who was made immortal by his love. Above thirty of his family are sealed up within the tomb itself, their ashes rendered more sacred by the melancholy glory which kindles around that cold pile of marble.

When I first saw the commission which Washington received and carried with him in the Revolutionary war, I was filled with emotion, my heart throbbed, and the tears gushed into my eyes spite of a strong effort to restrain them. But there, in the very presence of the mighty dead, I could not weep, I could hardly be said to feel—a strange awe pervaded my bosom, and froze all other sensations almost into apathy; my thoughts rebelled, and became, as it were, enfeebled by the vast subject for reflection, which that little pile of marble confined; yet there was no confusion in my thoughts. A little boy in Washington City, had begged me to bring him a few pebbles from the tomb. I remembered his gentle wish, and gathered some of the white pebble stones that lie thickly about. A few paces from the tomb, stood a slender tree, drooping with the weight of a grape-vine, that fell over its branches almost to the ground. I gathered a few of its leaves as a memorial for myself, and we left the place of death mournfully, as we had approached it.

"Will the gentlemen see the garden?" inquired the black gardener, who had conducted us to the house, a good-natured, happy-looking negro, full of pompous pride, and grotesque vanity. The sound of his voice awoke me as from a painful dream. It seemed as if we had been wandering in the valley of the shadow of death, and the sound of a human voice had let in the sunshine. We entered the garden; there lay the flower-beds quaintly laid out, and guarded with borders of unpruned box, as it had been in Washington's time. There, in a huge tub, stood a tree, which his own hands had planted. A fire had broken out in the conservatory, and consumed many of his plants, the gardener said. This, among the rest, had been scorched and withered up by the flame, but the root remained uninjured, and put forth shoots again, more healthily than the first. The negro, who gave us the history of this plant, was a slave born, I think he said, on the Mount Vernon estate. He had seen Washington once or twice, when quite a boy, and though his remembrance of the great man was very imperfect, to have seen Washington, seemed to have ennobled him in his own estimation, as it certainly did in ours. Our little party dispersed, and we wandered away through the nooks of the garden, each anxious for solitude, and incapable of sharing thoughts which arose in a place so filled with associations. What a contrast was there between the tomb we had left, and the little world of flowers which shed their sweets about us. There lay the mighty dead—the brave heart whose every pulse had been given to a suffering country, resolved to dust, which the wind of heaven might have borne away but for a block of chilly marble. The strong proud man, with his matchless virtues and his mighty intellect, had passed for ever from the bosom of his country, while the love of his fellow countrymen seemed almost powerful enough to shield him from the grave.

Here was a tender plant—a twig which, in his hours of relaxation, the hero had thrust into the earth, carelessly, perchance, and with a passing thought of its frailty, wondering if it would take root, or if the first strong sunshine would wither it to the earth again, and regarding it no farther. It was a fragile thing, and but for its association, almost worthless. A breath of frost, or a flash of fire, had power to wither or consume it to ashes, yet it flourished on, green and verdant, year after year, beneath the fosterage of a single man, while the love and tears of a whole nation were powerless to win that noble being, even for a moment, from the tomb. How strangely the air of that flower-garden fell upon my senses. It seemed as if nature should have taken some other form—as if the rose-trees which he had gazed upon, should be in perpetual bloom; the lilies for ever fill their snowy urns with dew and sunshine, as when they had cast their fragrance upon the air he breathed. It seemed to my excited feelings as if the gardener approached a rose-hedge near which I was standing, with too little reverence. He cut

a few buds, and bound them tastefully in a bouquet, which he had been requested to gather. Custom had familiarized him with the place. He thought only of arranging his flowers, to me, every blossom was full of mute eloquence.

In a corner of the garden was a little wooden summer-house—a weather-beaten and tiny ruin. I would have entered it, but a bird had built her nest there, and fluttered wildly about the door at my approach. Poor, timid thing, it was all unconscious how sacred the place had become, where it was so tranquilly rearing its nestlings! The flowers which I had seen the gardener arranging, were for me. Every leaf has been religiously preserved, and this delicate record of flowers bring back sweet recollections of our visit to Mount Vernon.

From Graham's Magazine for April.

SELF-DEVOTION. A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

BY MRS. E. C. EMBURY.

"Warriors and statesmen have their meed of praise,
And what they do or suffer men record;
But the long sacrifice of woman's days
Passes without a thought—without a word;
And many a holy struggle for the sake
Of duties sternly, faithfully fulfilled—
For which the anxious mind must watch and wake,
And the strong feelings of the heart be stilled,—
Goes by unheeded as the summer wind,
And leaves no memory and no trace behind!"

MRS. NORTON.

"Do you believe, cousin Grace, that the world is as disinterested as it was in the days of the '*preux chevaliers, sans peur et sans reproche*'?"

"I do, Frank; and even though you quote the great Edmund Burke, you will not convince me that the days of chivalry are gone! The days of knight-errantry are past away, and well is it for society that they are so, but there is as much of the true chivalric spirit now existing as was to be found in the time of Richard of the Lion Heart."

"Do you really believe this, Grace?"

"Let me retaliate by another question, cousin Frank; do you believe that all the knights and squires of olden time were inspired purely by a noble desire to win fame and redress wrongs? Did not avarice, ambition, selfish gratification, and love of wild excitement mingle their elements then, even as they do now, in the mass of human feeling?"

"Undoubtedly the grosser passions were often commingled with the better qualities of man's nature; selfishness existed, but was not then so widely diffused."

"There we differ, Frank; the selfishness of modern times certainly shows itself in less fearful shapes."

"Because society has been compelled to make laws to protect itself against those who would sacrifice all things to their own will; 'might no longer makes right,' and therefore the selfishness of human nature is shown less in high-handed spoliations than in secret machinations."

"Well, Frank, that there is enough, aye, and to spare of selfishness on earth I do not mean to dispute; but I still adhere to my first assertion that there is no lack of the true chivalric spirit."

"And pray how does it exhibit its qualities in this very dull and prosaic world?"

"Disinterestedness, self-devotion, purity of intention, integrity of principle, delicacy of sentiment, a high-toned sense of honor, and indomitable courage—these are the essential qualities of a chivalric character; and surely, Frank, there is no want of arenas in which to exercise these virtues."

"You will find few knights ready to enter the lists if such are the requisites, cousin Grace."

"I hope you are mistaken in your estimate of men, Frank; I have a better opinion of your sex than to adopt your ideas. But if it be as you say, if selfishness be so active a principle among men, then have the virtues taken up their abode in the hearts of women."

"Do they possess the chivalric spirit, Grace?—courage and all?"

"You need not laugh, I can prove what I say."

"No, no, Grace, I am willing to allow your sex all superiority in goodness and purity of feeling, but the virtues of women are of a passive nature,—they have fortitude to suffer, patience to endure, but rarely energy to act. Men make sacrifices—women suffer them."

"How little you know of the sex when you make such an assertion, Frank. A woman's sacrifices are of daily and hourly occurrence; she lives but to minister to others, and to forget herself. If her courage is of a more passive nature it is because her sphere of action is very properly limited. She is not called to stem the tide of battle, or to face death in warrior's array; but is it nothing to look calmly upon the king of terrors in the chamber of pestilence—to wait for his fatal blow, with placid fortitude, when assailed by sudden peril—to gaze, unmoved, upon the weltering wave—or to perish with unquailing courage amid flames and tortures? Yet all this has been done by women. Awaken but a woman's feelings, arouse the hidden strength of her affections, and earth holds not a peril which she will not brave."

"You are eloquent, cousin Grace, but you scarcely make out your own case; according to your own evidence woman must have a personal motive for action; her strength of character must be called forth by some individual affection, or to use a less gentle term, by some selfish impulse."

"According to your way of viewing character, then, Frank, the noblest impulses of our nature arise from selfishness."

"I should like to hear you draw a parallel between the sexes, cousin Grace; you seem to be so impartial—to concede so much goodness to man's fallen nature, while you exalt so highly the weaker sex, that I am a little curious to know how you would distinguish them."

"You would probably only dispute my positions, and make a jest of my distinctions, Frank."

"I will promise to do neither, Grace."

"Well, then listen to the opinions of one who is content with the dispensations of Providence, and who believes that the finger of God himself has marked out the line which separates the impulses, the habits, the character of the two sexes:—Man has *vigor*—woman *refinement*: man has the *reasoning* faculty best developed—woman the *perceptive*: man has the power of *abstraction*—woman *rarely* possesses it: man is the creature of *calculation*—woman of *impulse*: man is capable of deep research, he proceeds slowly and cautiously, measuring every distance, and counting every step of his progress—woman bounds along with rapid foot, observing the most prominent objects in her path, and from them forms conclusions often erroneous, but always ingenious. The intellectual faculty in man is usually concentrated—in woman it is diffused: men of genius commonly devote themselves to some one favorite pursuit—women of genius are remarkable for their versatility. Man has the more correct *judgment*—woman the more correct *feelings*. He has a *knowledge* of right which he often forgets—she a *consciousness* of it which never forsakes her, even in the midst of crime: man possesses the stronger *passions*—woman the stronger *affections*; man has *boldness*—woman *fortitude*: man can perform heroic deeds—woman can endure the extreme of suffering: man has the more *physical* daring—woman the more *moral* courage: man controls others by the force of his character—woman influences by the gentleness of hers. In a word, my dear Frank, the relative position of the sexes is fixed beyond all change; their respective duties are well defined. Man has been given the weapons of moral and mental warfare, that he may go out into the world, and do battle with and for his fellows—while on woman is bestowed that skill in moral and mental culture which enables her to improve the field of duty at home."

"Very clearly defined, cousin Grace; so then you do not agree in opinion with those who are for enlarging the boundaries of woman's domain, and would fain make her a gladiator in the arena, instead of a spectator in the amphitheatre of action."

"That women have some wrongs to be redressed is an undoubted fact, but I am no friend to this new warfare for the

'rights of women;' let the sex only do their duty at home to parents, brothers, husbands, or friends, and they will have little cause to repine that the forum, the pulpit, or the poll is closed against them. But I have not forgotten your inuendoes respecting the selfishness of women, Frank, and I should like to tell you a story which will convince you of how much self-devotion a woman may be capable, even when the strongest passions of her nature are to be subdued."

"Fanny Wilbank was one of those patient, long suffering creatures, who seem sent into the world to fulfil the command, '*bear ye one another's burdens*,' for from her very childhood she had borne the burdens of the whole family. Her father, one of those good-hearted, thoughtless prodigals, who, in their readiness to help other people, are apt to forget their own interests, had been all his life unfortunate. Nothing seemed to succeed in his hands—the most promising business was sure to fail if he undertook it, and as his family increased his means diminished, until they were reduced to the utmost straits to preserve that respectability of station in which they were born and bred. Fanny was the eldest of the family, and of course upon her devolved the duty of assisting her sickly mother in the care of the children, and the management of their household. Here was a wide field for the exercise of self-denial and patience."

A weary lot is that of hopeless poverty, when it relies on charity alone for food and warmth and raiment; but wearier still is the lot of those, who, amid privation and want, still struggle to keep themselves from the deep abyss of beggary, and strive with decent pride still to retain their foothold in a world which too often confounds misfortune with disgrace. It was amid cares, and troubles, and anxieties of every kind that Fanny Wilbank grew up to womanhood.—To say that she was beautiful would convey but little idea of the gentleness, the delicacy, the loveliness of her countenance. I might describe her soft black eyes, her full bright lips, the jetty blackness of her luxuriant tresses, the grace of her slender form, and the elastic spring of her bounding step, but it would need the painter's art to image the tender sweetness of her expression. Her face was such as one might fancy for a Madonna—pale, pensive and full of high-souled thought; but Fanny knew little of her beauty and cared less. Had she possessed the talisman of wealth she might have been the artist's model and the poet's theme; but the spell of beauty alone is powerless to unlock the treasures of earth, and Fanny was too poor to behold her own charms in the magic mirror of flattery. Indeed she never seemed to think of herself; she managed for every body, ministered to the comfort of every body, and took her share of enjoyment in beholding the gratification of others. But it must not be supposed that her beauty and grace and goodness were unknown and unappreciated. Several unexceptionable offers of marriage were made to her—offers, which if accepted, would have placed her far beyond the reach of want and labor—but Fanny was not to be influenced by sordid motives in so momentous a matter, and resisting all the temptations of a life of ease, still preserved her quiet cheerfulness to illumine the home of her childhood."

"Her hour of severer trial, however, came at last:—Among the few companions of her childhood was a youth of humble fortunes but of noble character, whose name I shall conceal under that of William Grey. Their regard for each other had grown up so gradually in their hearts, probably neither was aware of its strength, until the time when William was to go out into the world and strive amid his fellows to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow."

"The grief which each felt at this separation, revealed the nature of their feelings, and Fanny wondered at herself when she found how closely her love for a stranger had entwined itself with the affections which she had hitherto devoted to the claims of kindred. But they plighted faith to each other, and looking forward to a future of mutual love and quiet happiness, William obeyed the call of duty, while the gentle Fanny continued to pursue her routine of heavy cares with a cheerful and hopeful spirit."

"After an absence of two years, William full of eager anticipation returned to claim the fulfilment of her pledge, and

to bear her to a humble home in another part of the country. Fanny's heart misgave her sadly, when she looked on her pale mother and thought of the burden which would fall upon her when she was gone. She half repented of her promise to William, dearly as she loved him, for she had so long been accustomed to think of the comfort of others, in preference to her own, that self-gratification seemed to her almost a sin. But her scruples were soon put to rest, for her parents, unwilling to make any sacrifices on their part for their self-denying child, positively refused to listen to her lover's suit. Nay, they even accused Fanny of selfishness, and made out a charge of black ingratitude against her, for wishing to leave them. With the usual impatience of man's temper, William was deeply incensed at such treatment, and endeavored to persuade Fanny to a clandestine marriage.—Her answer to his proposal was one which might be remembered with profit by those who rush heedlessly to the altar, even when their path lies over the crushed hearts of those who watched their helpless infancy.

"How could I hope to perform my duties to you, William," said she, "if I came to you with the curse of a broken commandment clinging to me? Think you a disobedient child could prove a good wife? No, dearly as you now love me, you would be the first to doubt me, were I to give you a proof of my selfish disregard to the ties of blood. We are both young yet, let us then wait until the future shall bring us better prospects."

"God knows, Fanny, I would serve for you even as Jacob did for Rachel, could I but hope to see you my own, but I know not how time is to remove the obstacles which divide us," was his reply.

"Oh, Mary will soon be old enough to fill my place, and then I can be spared from home," said she.

"Alas if I am to wait till your place can be supplied by another, I shall but live on hope or die in despair," said William despondingly; "no one can ever be the same, thoughtful, patient, affectionate, ministering angel that you have been to all around you." And thus they again parted, but which think you suffered most keenly from this disappointment? Was it he whose love was but the episode in the striving tale of life—who listened to the voice of affection, but as soft music played between the acts of the great tragedy of existence? No! the shaft of pain sunk deepest in the heart of her who remained in the seclusion of home, shut up within the narrow circle of duties which daily, hourly reminded her of the almost hopeless nature of her feelings.

"Time sped on and brought its usual changes. The boys grew old enough to be provided with situations beyond the parental roof, and Fanny began to look forward once more to a union with her lover. But in the midst of her brightening hopes, her mother died, leaving to Fanny as her last bequest, the charge of watching over the youth of her only sister. This sacred duty was one which Fanny might easily have fulfilled without the sacrifice of a single desire of her own heart, had not Mary's failing health rendered it a task of unceasing anxiety. An accident received in infancy had slowly and insidiously undermined the once vigorous constitution of the child, and soon after the mother was laid within the tomb, an incurable disease of the spine confined Mary entirely to the bed. It was then, with a heart bleeding over the severed ties of kindred, that Fanny first taught herself to reflect upon the necessity of a final sacrifice of her hopes of happiness. Her father was fast sinking under the infirmities of age, and Mary was now helplessly dependent on her for every comfort; how then could she indulge the vain dream of being able to study her own welfare.—There was a bitter struggle in the heart of the poor girl ere she could bring herself to write a letter of renunciation to William. But she swerved not her duty, however severe might be its requisitions, and while the tears fell like rain over the thoughts of her blighted hopes, not one drop was allowed to blister the page which bore him her final farewell. But Fanny was sadly mistaken when she fancied that the severest part of the conflict was past. The letter only served to bring William in person to combat the resolution she had formed, and she was now to endure the redoubled anguish

of beholding her lover's sorrow. But in vain he sought to alter her decision. She knew that instead of being a helpmeet, she could now be only a hindrance to one who was obliged to labor for daily bread, and her unselfish love taught her that it was for her

'Alone to suffer and alone to strive.'

"My fate is fixed William," said the hopeless girl; "I cannot perform the duties of a poor man's wife, without neglecting my afflicted sister; her sufferings would mar your daily comfort, and her necessities demand my undivided attention. God knows how tenderly I have loved you, and how gratefully I feel your faithfulness, in thus abiding constant through years of absence and disappointment, but that must be at an end now, William;—our long engagement must be forgotten,—you are free—and may heaven grant you a happier destiny than to be linked with one who seems born only for sorrow."

"Poor Fanny! how bitterly she wept as she uttered these words of self-immolation! But she knew she was right, and even William, when the first burst of grief had subsided, and he was able to reflect calmly upon all the circumstances, acknowledged within himself, that Fanny had judged wisely for both. He could appreciate the honest pride which forbade her to fill a husband's home with her own helpless relatives, and he could well understand the disinterested affection which taught her to make her own heart the victim rather than heap heavier burdens upon one with whom the world had already dealt hardly. Again they parted, but no hope of reunion now cheered their last farewell;—henceforth they were to meet as friends, but never more to exchange the sweet tones of lovers' vows. How much less heroism is required to perform noble deeds in the sight, and beneath the applause of thousands, than thus to sacrifice love, and hope, and happiness, in silence and secrecy on the altar of duty! Yet the warrior receives his meed of glory, while the woman who calmly surrenders the "life of life" without the stimulus of fame or the hope of gerdon;—she who patiently lives on, "in helpless, hopeless, brokenness of heart," ministering meekly to others, while a wasting grief is eating into her very soul—goes down to the grave unnoticed and unknown—perhaps regarded as a cold and eccentric being by those who cannot fathom the pure depths of such a mind.

Fanny's cheek grew pale and hollow, but she gave no other evidence of secret sorrow, for she well knew that Mary's keen eye would watch for traces of her heart's struggle, and she would not pain her suffering sister by a knowledge of the bitter price at which her comfort had been purchased. At length she heard of William's marriage, and this severed the last frail link that bound their hearts together. From that time his name was never mentioned, and resolutely forbidding her thoughts to dwell upon the past, Fanny Wilbank compelled herself to cheerfulness. But a shadow had gone over her bright face, and her voice learned a new tone of melancholy pathos—*she spoke like one who often weeps.*

"The death of her father soon after left her alone with her helpless sister, and having a small apartment, Fanny now commenced the task of obtaining a livelihood for both by the labors of her needle. The constant attention which Mary required, rendered this very difficult, for many an hour which should have been employed in earning their daily bread, was spent in soothing the pangs of the afflicted invalid. It was at that period that I first met with this heroine of humble life, for what I have hitherto been telling you I learned long afterward. My mother had occasion to employ a sempstress, and Fanny Wilbank having been recommended to her, I was sent to make some inquiry of her previous to giving her the work. I was a giddy school-girl at the time, but I shall never forget the impression made upon me by the neatness of the apartment, the snowy whiteness of the bed-linen, and above all, by the extreme beauty of both the females. Mary's disease did not in the least impair the bloom of her lovely countenance, and as she sat propped up in bed by pillows, she looked in far better health than her pale sister. But I soon found that her face was the only part of her frame which had escaped the distorting touch of pain, for her body was shrunken to the size of that of a child, and her

limbs were sadly mis-shapen. My business with them was soon settled, but the interest which they had awakened in my bosom did not so quickly subside. My mother became one of their warmest patrons, and having heard their history from one of their early friends, I need scarcely add that we felt increased respect and regard for the self-devoted Fanny Wilbank."

"And did she meet with no reward for all her virtues, cousin Grace?"

"Alas! Frank, it is only in novels, I fear, that we find virtue always rewarded and vice signally punished. Such things are rarely recompensed on earth, it is only in Heaven that we are told 'all tears shall be wiped away.' But I have not yet finished my story. Medical skill was procured for Mary, which, though it could not cure a disease ingrafted in her whole system, yet afforded some alleviation of her severest sufferings. Constant employment was also secured to Fanny, so that as far as pecuniary matters went, their condition was much improved; but no human hand could bring back health to the one, or restore the blighted blossoms of hope in the bosom of the other.

Some few years later I married, and accompanied my husband to Europe, and my parents having about the same time removed to the South, I lost sight of Fanny Wilbank. When, however, after some years absence I returned to my native city, one of my first wishes was to learn something of her present condition. But the friends who had promised to employ her, had neglected to do so until it was too late; all trace of her had vanished, and I was left to conjecture her fate.

I was one day passing a handsome house in — street, when I heard a voice from an upper window exclaim 'Mrs. —!' I looked up in surprise and beheld Fanny Wilbank. The next moment the hall door opened, and Fanny hurrying down the steps, grasped my hand with the warmth of earnest affection. I followed her into a neatly furnished room, and mechanically seating myself, wondered what it all meant. Fanny divined my thoughts, for she smiled, blushed, and seemed about to tell me some news, when a little chubby boy, of some three summers, twaddled into the room and saluted her by the appellation of 'mother.' This solved the whole mystery.

"Come into the next room, where you will find Mary," said Fanny, "and I will tell you all about it. For you really did not know that I was married?"

"No indeed," was my reply, "pray how long have you been a wife?"

"Almost a year."

"Almost a year?" I exclaimed in stupid wonder! "and that child?"

"Is my husband's youngest boy."

"Then you married to take care of another's children."

"Yes, I could not refuse him—fortune had prospered him, so that he could afford to take care of poor Mary, and I consented, though I was almost ashamed to become a bride at my age."

"At your age! why you look younger and prettier than ever, Fanny, in that tasteful little cap."

"Do not laugh at me dear Mrs. —, I know it was foolish to marry for love at forty-five, but William was so lonely, and his poor children were so desolate."

"Then it was William Grey you married?"

"To be sure;—did you think it could be any one else?"

"Ah!" said Mary, smiling, "William would not have won her even now, if it had not been for his motherless children. Fanny has been so long accustomed to sacrifice her own inclinations, that she cannot be persuaded to any self-indulgence unless some duty be closely connected with it."

"Fanny Wilbank still lives; the beauty of her noble countenance has faded beneath the touch of time, and many a thread of silver is mingled with her dark locks, yet is she the centre of a circle of loving and beloved friends, still the same patient, tender, self-forgetting being, that she was in the day of her early adversity."

"So she was at last rewarded, cousin Grace, notwithstanding your assertion to the contrary."

"And do you deem her after fortunes a fitting recompense for the trials of her youth, Frank? The bloom of youth, the freshness of feeling, the glow of hope, the buoyancy of health—all things that give a charm to life, faded one by one from her view, even as the stars vanish in the slowly-gathering tempest cloud—patience, long-suffering, meekness, and resignation had taken the place of bright anticipation in her bereaved heart—Time had laid his cold touch upon her fair brow, aye, and upon her warm heart too, and then, at the last she was rewarded—how?—why forsooth, by wedding the object of her early love, after her life had 'fallen into the sear and yellow leaf,'—and thus obtaining the enviable privilege of educating the children of her predecessor."

"What became of poor Mary, cousin?"

"Do you not remember, Frank, the sick lady on whose bed you loved to clamber, when you were a merry little urchin, who used to cover your balls so neatly, and paint so many pretty devices for your kites?"

"To be sure I do;—I remember too how bitterly I cried when they told me she was dead, and I saw them bring in the small coffin for her shrunken form. You don't mean to say that was Mary Wilbank?"

"It was, cousin Frank, and in the story of Fanny Wilbank, I have been relating to you the early life of one whom you have ever loved with filial tenderness—I mean your excellent step-mother."

"She is the only mother I have ever known, cousin Grace," and you can tell me nothing good of her which I cannot readily believe; so if you take her for an example, I have no more to say against the existence of disinterestedness in this selfish world. It is only a pity there are so few like her."

AN INDIAN DINNER.—On entering the dining-room, one is struck with the load of viands which crowds the table, over which a huge punkah noiselessly waves to and fro. Until the family approach, its motion is scarcely perceptible; but no sooner is any one within its influence that it is pulled in a more energetic manner; and an immense relief is felt after the fatigue of walking from another apartment, and being for a few moments without this important requisite. Behind each chair stands a whiskered, moustached, and turbaned domestic, with his arms closely folded across his bosom, or opened only to adjust the chair most conveniently as his master or mistress becomes seated, and to arrange a napkin, which he then places in the hands or upon the knee. A footstool is before each chair, and is an indispensable comfort to the Anglo-Indian. The lamp or candle shades are all provided with perforated covers to protect them from the effects of the punkah; and over each wine glass or tumbler (of which there are generally several to each person) are silver covers, as a precaution against flies and insects. I have seen a table covered with little brown grasshoppers, or, perhaps, with what more closely resembled crickets, to such an extent that, being unaccustomed to the sight, it was difficult to touch anything, as the plate was immediately invaded by them, and their motions were far too quick to be calculated upon. Occasionally the fire-fly will cause some alarm to the stranger, when its bright glow is discovered amidst the folds of a delicate white muslin garment; but, at the season when the white ants take wing, and are attracted by the lights, nothing can be more annoying than their intrusion. The flying bugs, too, are objects of abhorrence, both within doors and in the open air: their odor is most noxious; and, if accidentally crushed in a handkerchief, or any article of dress, the scent can scarcely be got rid of. In driving, they are very apt to settle in the hair; than which few things can be more intolerable. At Indian dinners each person eats from a hot-water plate. * * * The English lady is surprised to see so much beer consumed by females in India; but I have been told, that such is more commonly the case up the country than in Calcutta; and some residents in the latter place remark, that a "Mufussilite" is known by a partiality for this beverage. However this may be, it is quite allowable and usual for a gentleman to request the "pleasure of taking beer or wine with a lady," which would certainly have a droll effect in England. I have heard of a lady, in Calcutta, who used to restrict herself to a dozen

bottles of Allsop's or Basse's ale *per diem*; but I cannot vouch for the accuracy of this statement, being totally unacquainted with the person in question. I was, however, very much astonished to see four, five, or six glasses of light but exhilarating champagne quietly disposed of, in addition to other wines, by some ladies at dinners or ball suppers; and I fear it is too true, that many of them seek, by such means, to remove the extreme depression of spirits and lassitude which are superinduced by the climate.—*Narrative of a Three Months' March in India, by the Wife of an Officer in the Sixteenth Foot.*

A GHOST STORY.—In the hot weather of this last summer, Lord Ashburnham's very old uncle, the Bishop of Chichester, was waked in his palace at four o'clock in the morning by his bed-chamber door being opened, when a female figure, all in white, entered, and sat down near him.—The prelate, who protests he was not frightened, said in a tone of authority, but not with the usual triple adjuration.—“Who are you?” Not a word of reply; but the personage heaved a profound sigh. The Bishop rang the bells; but the servants were so sound asleep that nobody heard him.—He repeated his question: still no answer; but another deep sigh. Then the apparition took some papers out of the ghost of its pocket, and began to read them to itself. At last, when the Bishop had continued to ring, and nobody to come, the spectre rose and departed as sedately as it had arrived. When the servants did at length appear, the Bishop cried, “Well! what have you seen?” “Seen, my lord!” “Ay, seen; or who, what is the woman that has been here?” “Woman! my lord!” (I believe one of the fellows smiled; though, to do her justice, Lady Onslow did not say so.) In short, when my lord had related his vision, his domestics did humbly apprehend that his lordship had been dreaming; and so did his whole family the next morning, for in this our day even a Bishop's household does not believe in ghosts; and yet it is most certain that the good man had been in no dream, and told nothing but what he had seen; for, as the story circulated, and diverted the ungodly at the prelate's expense, it came at last to the ears of a keeper of a madhouse in the diocese, who came and deposed, that a female lunatic under his care had escaped from his custody, and, finding the gate of the palace open, had marched up to my lord's chamber. The deponent further said, that his prisoner was always reading a bundle of papers.—*Walpole.*

HOW TO KEEP TAILORS HONEST.—The tailors of Inverness are an ingenious race of men, and fully as good craftsmen as their brethren in the south. We find, however, that their predecessors, a hundred years since, were somewhat suspected. In the letters of Captain Burt, written from this place about 1739, it is mentioned as a “notable precaution against the tailors' purloining,” that the following plan was adopted by the inhabitants:—“This is to buy every thing that goes to the making of a suit of clothes, even to the stay-tape and thread; and when they are delivered out, they are altogether weighed before the tailor's face. And when he brings home the suit, it is again put into the scale, with the shreds of every sort, and it is expected the whole shall answer the original weight.”—*Inverness Courier.*

REAL SERVICE: LIFE IN A CAMP.—After having seen the provisions distributed, I set about looking out for some accommodation for my wife; for we had not as yet been accustomed to lie on the open field, as in bivouac, nor ever seen the like, and the tent was far from comfortable for a poor wearied young woman: I shall not mention delicacy, for that would be out of place—we must submit to circumstances. The names of seventeen men were on the tent beside myself; so it may be easily guessed how crowded it must have been, had the whole been off duty, but this was seldom the case. However, as no other shelter was to be had, we took a berth under it. Eleven soldiers lay in it that night along with us, all stretched with their feet to the centre, and their heads to the curtain of the tent, every man's knapsack below his head, and his clothes and accou-

trements on his body; the one-half of the blankets under and the other spread over the whole, so that we lay in one bed. Often did my poor wife look up to the thin canvas that screened her face from the night dew, and wish for the approaching morn. It was announced, at last, before daybreak, by an exclamation of “Rouse!” which passed from tent to tent along the lines, when every man started up, folded his blanket, and strapped it on the back of his knapsack, ready for a march.—*James Anton's Retrospect of a Military Life.*

From Graham's Magazine.

OLD MEMORIES—By Mrs. C. H. W. Esling.

How swiftly do old memories float about our riper hours!
They're like the fragrant breath that fills the vase of perish'd flowers;
They bear an unextinguish'd ray, a light that never dies,
A borrow'd radiance gilding earth with lustre from the skies.
The joys that gather round us now, with all their rainbow beams,
Are bright, but evanescent, as the shadows in our dreams;
They pass before us like the leaves swept by the autumn's blast,
Alas! too fragile for the earth—too beautiful to last.
We see the human flowers cut down, the kindred ones of home,
Whose garden was the loving heart, where storm clouds seldom come,
Making within that temple fair, a wilderness of woes,
A desert drear of that which once could “blossom as the Rose.”
We see the clasping chains unloose, and sever link by link,
Till hope turns shudderingly away, from sorrow's fearful brink,
The band of sweet relationship, of close unwoven ties,
Is broken here—to reunite forever in the skies.
But memory with her guardian care, hath linger'd o'er each scene,
To paint them on the heart again when long years intervene;
When life's bright summer days have gone, and all their beauty fled,
It brings us back the halcyon hours, that perish'd with the dead.
Oh! soft as music's dying fall, from some loved voice's tone,
Thine influence, mild and gentle power, across my mind is thrown;
Upon the harp strings of my heart, thine angel spirits play,
While fond old memories light its gloom, with many a moonlit ray.

From the Ladies' Companion.

SONG.—By Mrs. Emeline S. Smith.

The dream of existence is blissful and bright
In the radiant morning of youth,
When Hope has no cloud to o'ershadow her light,
And friendship is hallowed by truth;
When Love is all pure as a calm summer stream,
That slumbering 'mid flow'rets doth lie,
Reflecting the brightness of Heaven's own beam,
And wearing the tinge of the sky.
How chang'd is the vision when Time hurries on,
And brings the decline of Life's day;
Then the sunbeams from Hope's fairy landscape are gone,
Then friendship has faded away.
And then like a stream which the wind-spirit wakes,
Is the once holy fountain of Love;
Then its troubled and wandering wave only takes
The hue of the storm-cloud above.
'Tis well, since we're speeding away to the tomb,
That youth's fairy pleasures should flee,
For could they return all their earlier bloom,
Too dear to our heart they would be.
And 'tis well, since the soul's lasting home is not here,
That the love of its spring-time should die;
For could it still cherish an Eden so dear,
'Twould forget for its heaven to sigh!



JOHN TYLER, PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

PRESIDENT JOHN TYLER.

Like his lamented predecessor, Mr. Tyler, our present Chief Magistrate, is of Revolutionary stock. His father, Gov. John Tyler, sacrificed a fortune in the cause of his country, but was often heard to declare, that the sacrifice of individual wealth was nothing, compared with the great end achieved by the war of the Revolution. Gov. Tyler was the friend and associate of Patrick Henry, Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, and others of the glorious band of sages whose names are identified with the country's early history. Prompt and active in civil service during the war, lavish in his pecuniary contributions to its support, and unwavering in his patriotism; he was one of those who sealed the great work of that memorable era, by the formation of the Constitution of the United States.

He was one of the Virginia Delegates to the Convention in which the Constitution of the United States was agreed upon, and was elected Vice President of that illustrious body. If his son do not inherit from the father a knowledge of the Constitution, and of the intentions of its framers, it cannot therefore be from a lack of early instruction and opportunity. In 1808, Mr. Tyler was elected Governor of Virginia, and in 1810 was appointed by his friend, Mr. Madison, a

District Judge. He died in 1813, full of years and honors.

John Tyler, the President of the United States, was the second son of his father, and was born in Charles City, Virginia, in 1790. He was educated in William and Mary College, and graduated with the highest honors of an institution, which has furnished among its graduates a very large number of the most distinguished statesmen of our country; among whom were Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe. Mr. Tyler is the fourth President of the United States from that venerable institution. Of the other two Virginia Presidents, Washington received no collegiate education, and Harrison was a student at Hampden Sidney.

Mr. Tyler was educated for the law, but entered early into the political arena. At the age of 21, he was chosen a member of the Virginia House of Delegates, and served the state in that capacity from 1811 till 1815, when he was elected a member of the Executive Council. In 1816 he was elected a Representative in Congress at the early age of twenty-five. In this capacity he served twenty-five years. In 1825 he was elected Governor of the State for one year. In 1826 he was re-elected Governor by a unanimous vote.— In 1827 he was elected an U. S. Senator, and after serving six years, was re-elected. In 1835 he was elected President

of the Senate pro tem., and soon after being instructed by the Virginia legislature, he resigned his seat in the Senate, and lived in retirement from that time until the fourth of March, 1841, when he took the oath of office as Vice President of the United States.

President Tyler's age is now about fifty-one. In person he is tall and slightly formed, and in health, if not robust, he is uniform. Urbane and courteous in his manners, he has still an air of dignity which commands respect, and repels intrusion. Possessed of an amiable and benevolent heart, he is still self-possessed, and unyielding in his intentions and purposes, when acting under what he conceives to be the dictates of duty. As a politician he is fearless and independent, and has never sacrificed what he deemed to be his own consistency of conduct to party views. His inaugural address testifies to his frankness and honesty of purpose, and to his determination to act as a magistrate, responsible to his fellow-citizens, and to that Being who weighs the acts of all the sons of men. Whatever may be his policy or his opinions in detail, he has attempted no concealment of the general principles which will guide him; and the commencement of his official acts shows a determination to evade no responsibility, and shrink from no duty.

In a political life of nearly thirty years, abundant instances are given by which Mr. Tyler's character may be estimated. Much of this life, it is true, was passed in Virginia, and the local questions of any State are not so fully understood in the others, as to bring a state politician prominently before the nation. But as Representative, and afterward as Senator in Congress, he was before the nation fourteen years, and in political controversies in his own state, pending elections, and at other periods, he was drawn into correspondence which involved national questions, and brought his opinions distinctly before the people.

Mr. Tyler, to use his own language, has been called by the dispensation of Providence to the high office he now fills. He is under no pledges, and can have made no previous promises. In the expected and ordinary course of events he had none to make, and his character is not such that he would in any case compromise his independence. As we have said before, this is not the place to commend his opinions, or to attack them. As an American, we may, however, be proud of his personal character—in purity as unsullied, and for independence as marked as any President who has preceded him.

As instances of his independence we shall cite a few incidents in his life. Opposed to Mr. Adams's administration, he never joined in the cry of "bargain and corruption," which was raised upon that gentleman's accession to the Presidency, through the vote and influence of Mr. Clay. Nay, he advised Mr. Clay to vote as he did, and in 1827, when a candidate for the United States Senate, in opposition to Mr. Adams's administration, he avowed the act of giving advice to Mr. Clay, and declared that he "approved of his (Mr. C.'s) course, growing out of the Presidential election, and concurred with him, most emphatically, in the result of his vote." He furthermore repeated his conviction of Mr. Clay's integrity; and all this, as before remarked, at a time when the party with which he acted, was using the charge of "bargain and corruption," as the most available of its artillery.

When in the House of Representatives in 1819, Mr. Tyler was opposed to a United States Bank; and in 1832, his vote is recorded among those Senators who voted against the bill to modify and continue the charter. But he warmly opposed the removal of the deposits, and he voted for the famous resolution that in removing them, President Jackson acted, not in conformity with the Constitution and Laws, but in derogation of both.

Mr. Tyler is a believer in the Virginia doctrine in relation to instructions; obey or resign. When the Legislature of his State required him to vote for the expunging resolution, he gave up his seat. This was in 1835; since which period until the present, he has been in private life. Mr. Tyler showed his independence in giving the only vote which was given in the negative upon the force bill, so called, which was enacted against the nullifiers.

To sum up all, he is an honest man, independent and fearless. His inaugural, which will be found in another part of this day's paper, will give a key to his character and policy. In the matter of the Tariff, he recognises the right of government to dispose the duties so as to protect American industry. Upon the subject of a National Bank he adopts the language of General Harrison as expressing his own views: viz. that if a bank is necessary to carry on the powers granted to Congress, the creation of one is constitutional under the clause which confers on Congress "all powers which are necessary and proper," to carry into effect the granted powers. He expresses himself in his Inaugural opposed to the Sub-Treasury, but it is not at all likely that a recommendation of a National Bank will come from him.

He is now seated in the Presidential chair, and we shall, know him by his acts. We have noticed his political opinions at some length, not as the editorial advocate of them, but as wishing to convey to our readers a correct idea of the views and opinions of a Chief Magistrate who has reached the highest office in the gift of the people, without the rigid scrutiny that his opinions would have undergone, had he been a candidate for the situation he now holds. Whatever may be his opinions on mooted points, we have every confidence in his integrity of purpose; and we know that while he consults the honor and glory of the country he will not find his confidence in the people misplaced.

TRUE GREATNESS.—I cannot admire the man who possesses one virtue in high perfection, if he does not at the same time possess the opposite virtue in an equal degree; as in the case of Epaminondas, who united the extremes of valor and of meekness: without this, it is not an elevated, but a fallen character. Greatness does not consist in being at one extreme, but in reaching both extremes at once, and occupying all the intermediate space. Perhaps this is in no case more than a sudden movement of the soul, from one extreme to the other; and, like a burning brand, whirled quickly round in a circle, it is never but in one point of its course at a time. Still, this indicates the energy of the soul, if not its expansion.—*Pascal.*

FALSE WEIGHTS.—The most common mode of cheating, by means of false weights, is to have the balance so constructed, that when both scales are empty they shall hang even, but, at the same time, have one arm of the balance longer than the other; then, although the weights used may be just, yet, being put into the scale suspended from the short arm, much less than an equal weight will bring the balance even. The best mode of detecting the deceit, is to weigh the articles alternately in both scales, when the difference in the results will be immediately manifest.

MEN OF GENIUS.

Have any of our friends any persons of this description amongst the young men of their acquaintance? We think they must, for they are very plentiful: they are to be found every where. We ourselves know somewhere about half a dozen of one kind or other; and it is of these different kinds we purpose here to speak.

Before doing this, however, let us remark, that the sort of geniuses to whom we allude are to be found amongst young men only; for, generally speaking, it is only while men are young, that they are subject to the delusion of supposing themselves geniuses. As they advance in life, they begin to suspect that there has been some mistake in the matter. A few years more, and they become convinced of it; when wisely dropping all pretensions to the character, they step quietly back into the ranks amongst their fellows.

It is true that some old fools, especially amongst the poetical tribe, continue to cling to the unhappy belief of their being gifted, and go on writing maudlin rhymes to the end of the chapter. But most men become in time alive to the real state of the case, and, willingly resigning the gift of genius, are thankful to find that they have common sense.

While under the hallucination alluded to, however, the sort of geniuses of whom we speak are rather amusing subjects of study. We have known a great many of them in our day, and have found that they resolve themselves into distinct classes, such classes being formed by certain differing characteristics and pretensions; the individuals of each class, however, presenting in their peculiarities a striking resemblance to each other.

First comes, at any rate in such order shall we take them, the Poetical Genius. This is a poor, bleach-faced thing, with a simpering, self-satisfied countenance, an effeminate air and manner, and of insufferable conceit. It is an insolent creature too, for it treats you and everybody with the most profound contempt. Its calm, confident smirk, and lackadaisical look, are amongst the most provoking things in nature, and always inspire you with a violent desire to kick it out of your presence.

The poetical genius is by far the most useless of the whole tribe of geniuses. Wrapt up in his misty, maudlin dreams of cerulean heavens, and daisied meads, and purling rills, he is totally unfitted for the ordinary business of ordinary life. He is, besides, not unfrequently a little deranged in his upper-works. Having heard, or having of himself imbibed a notion, that madness and genius are allied, he, although of perfectly sane mind originally, takes to raving, to staring wildly about him, and to practising various of the other extravagances of insanity, till he becomes actually half-cracked; some of them indeed get stark staring mad.

The poetical genius is addicted to tea parties, and to writing in albums. He also much affects the society of tabbies: for of all his admirers he finds them the most liberal and indiscriminate in their praise. These good creatures drench him with weak tea, and he in return doses them with still weaker poetry. This is the class that supplies the newspapers with the article just named, at least so named by courtesy—figuring therein as J. F.'s and P. D.'s, &c. &c.

The next class of geniuses which we propose to consider, is the Oratorical Genius. This person labors under the delusion of supposing himself a second Demosthenes. He is a great frequenter of debating societies, and other similar associations, where he makes long, prosy, unintelligible speeches—speeches full of mist and moonshine, in which no human being can discover the slightest trace of drift or purpose. These frothy, bubble-and-squeak orations the young gentleman prepares at home, fitting himself and them for public exhibition by raving and ranting them over in his own room, to the great annoyance of his neighbors.

These speeches, when they do not produce nausea, which they are very apt to do, or at least a disagreeable

feeling of squeamishness, are powerful soporifics, and, possessing this quality, would be rather grateful than otherwise, if one were in bed when within hearing of them; but unhappily this pleasant effect is neutralised by the roaring and stamping that accompanies their delivery: so that this sort of orator is in reality a positive nuisance.

The oratorical genius is nearly, if not every bit, as conceited as the poetical genius. He has the same provoking, self-satisfied simper, and is in other respects a still greater bore, for his forensic habits and practices, without furnishing him with a single additional idea, have given him an unhappy fluency of speech, which he himself mistakes for eloquence, and with which he mercilessly inundates every one whom he can get beneath the spout of his oratorical pump. Every thing he says to you is said in set phrase—in the stiff, formal, affected language of the debating society. His remarks on the most ordinary subjects are all regular built speeches—dull, long-winded, prosy things, smelling strong of the forum.

We know a speculative or debating society man the moment he opens his mouth. We know him by his studied, prolix phraseology, and much, much do we dread him, for of all earthly bores he is the most intolerable. To be obliged to listen to his maudlin philosophy and misty metaphysics—for they are all to a man philosophers or metaphysicians—is about one of the most distressing inflictions we know.

The next genius on our list is the Universal Genius, perhaps the most amusing of the whole fraternity. This gentleman, although perfectly satisfied that he is a genius, and a very great genius too, does not know himself precisely in what he excels. He has no definite ideas on the subject, and in this respect is rather at a loss. But he enjoys a delightful consciousness of a capacity that would enable him to surpass in anything to which he might choose to devote himself, and that in fact he does surpass in everything. His pretensions therefore rest on a very broad basis, and embrace all human attainments. He is in short a universal genius. This gentleman is very apt to assume peculiarities in dress and exterior appearance, to wear odd things in an odd way, and to sport a few eccentricities because he has heard or imagines that all geniuses are eccentric. These are common and favorite expedients with the would-be genius, who moreover frequently adds dissipation to his distinguished characteristics, it being a pretty general notion that genius is drunken, and of a wild and irregular life.

To make out this character, then, the universal genius takes to breaking the public lamps, wrenching off bell-handles, kicking up rows in taverns with the waiters and others, and on the streets with the police; gets his head broken and his eyes blackened; keeps late hours, and goes home drunk every night; and thus becomes a genius of the first order.—This sort of genius, we have observed, is much addicted to wearing odd sorts of head-dresses, fantastic caps all befurred and betasselled, and moreover greatly affects the bare throat, or wearing only an apology for a neckcloth, with shirt-collar turned down—in this aiming at a fine wild brigandish sort of look and appearance, much coveted by geniuses of a certain order.

Nature, however, does not always favor those ambitious attempts at the bold and romantic, for we often find them associated with snub noses, lantern jaws, and the most stupid and unmeaning countenances, that express any thing but a consonance of character with pretension. We have known geniuses of this kind—the bare-necked and turned-down-collared—set up for romantic desperadoes on the strength of a haired throat and a pair of bushy whiskers.

The great class of universal geniuses now under consideration may, on close inspection, be found to subdivide itself into several minor classes, including the Sublime Genius, the Solemn Genius, and another tribe which has hitherto been, we rather think, without a name, but which we shall take the liberty of calling the Dirty Genius. This is a curious species of the race. The dirty genius delights in unkempt locks, which he not only allows but encourages to hang about his face and behind on his coat collar, in large tangled filthy looking masses. He delighteth also in an un-

washed face, in dirty linen, and in a general slovenliness and shabbiness of apparel. The pretensions of this genius are very high; for he affects to be superior to all the common observances of civilized life; its courtesies and amenities he holds in the most sovereign contempt; despises soap and water, and rises proudly above white stockings and clean shirts.

FASHIONS FOR APRIL.—Small patterns, strips, and checks will be fashionable this season, in mourning dresses; and for the promenade, *poplins brochees*, watered silks, *l'armure prairie*, in small *brochee* flowers, on light green *ecru*, or lilac grounds; *orientales*, *pou de soie*, *fleur de lis*; velvet *ailes de mouche*, is the prettiest novelty, and derives its name from possessing the softness of velvet, with lightness and variety of its tints; the *armure rocaile* is also admired.—Tight sleeves cannot be considered very general, in light materials they will not be admitted; flounces are not much in favor, skirts continue to be made long, and the bodies are still pointed. Fancy bead buttons are much used on ball dresses, and it is expected they will be fashionable on *redingotes* this season.

For ball dresses, crapes, gauzes, watered silks, with double and treble skirts, *guimp* trimmings, *marabouts*, and flowers ornament them, the *corsage a la Grecque* and the short sleeve full trimmed. Black has been very fashionable in Paris, whether in velvet, satin, watered silk, crape, or face dresses ornamented with diamonds or flowers. *Redingotes* of silk are trimmed with felds, edged by a narrow fringe, or with small *chicerees*. Scarfs of the same material as the dress, are much admired in Paris; the ends are fringed, and the folds are confined on the shoulders; they are worn in silks, *mousseline de leine*, &c. Scarfs of shaded silk, orange *glacee*, with white or blue *glacee*, are trimmed with *point d'Alencon*—black lace scarfs, as well as those of point lace, *mechlin*, muslin, china, crape, and *foulard*, are all in the fashion.

A new-shaped *berthe* has appeared, with four points, one reaches to the point of the body, the others are on the shoulders and back.

Barets, *toques* of black velvet, with *marabout*, turbans *re-sille*, mud hats *a la creole*, *a la belle poules*; turbans of gauze, embroidered in gold, with crowns of velvet sprigged with gold, or *el cackemire*, with scarfs of point lace and tassels, *Algerin*. *Caiffires Madonna*, *a la Louis XIV.*, small *toquets de page*, *duc a la marquise*, are all now in demand.

Straw bonnets are preparing in Paris, *a jours* with *liserees* of velvet, others with *filets* of *chenille*; also close *capotes* of Leghorn and *paille de riz*. *Capotes* of crapes are very fashionable just now in Paris, in pink, green, lilac, with *marabouts* of the same color, or wreaths of roses, mixed with heart's ease.

HISSING HOT MISTAKE.—Madame Linguet was an actress of the Italian theatre in Paris: her husband, who was cashier of the theatre, employed a party to hiss every actress but Madame Linguet, and applaud her to the skies; this went on famously for some time, till the secret was found out by a sad mistake; Linguet, in his instructions to the men, said, "To-morrow night you must hiss the first actress who appears, and applaud the second." They obeyed orders; but unfortunately for Madame Linguet, the play was changed, and in the new piece she appeared first, when she was completely hissed, to the great amusement of all the audience.—Mons. Linguet, to be revenged, ran off with all the money of the theatre in his hands, and took refuge in the Temple, then an asylum where a person could not be arrested.

¶ Solon enacted, that children who did not maintain their parents in old age, when in want, should be branded with infamy, and lose the privilege of citizens; he, however, excepted from the rule those children whom their parents had taught no trade, nor provided with other means of procuring a livelihood. It was a proverb of the Jews, that he who did not bring up his son to a trade, brought him up as a thief.

THE DYING POET'S LAMENT.

BY DR. JOHN C. M'CABE.

Oh! take me to yon window now,

My sight is growing dim—

And faintly on my ear now falls

The sweet and far-off hymn

Of vintagers returning from

Their daily labors done;

Oh move me now, that I may gaze

Upon the setting sun.

I see him—tho' my vision fails—

Put off his gorgeous vest,

Like a monarch sinking to his couch,

He fades into the west;

And soon his beams will gild the morn

Of some far distant shore,

He sinks! and I that glorious sun

Shall see no more—no more!

Oh God! 'tis hard, 'tis very hard

For one so young to die,

When earth in all its beauty dress'd

Is bright before the eye—

When every billow of the sea

Bears music on its swell,

And eloquently on the ear

Peals the rich vesper-bell—

When up the vale the mingled bleat

Of home returning herd

Breaks,—and the lonely melody

Of some unmated bird

Steals sweetly to the listening ear,

On evening's trembling breath,

Like Faith's subdued vigil hymn

O'er loved-ones low in death.

No more these scenes shall strike my eye,

These sounds salute mine ear,

But some kind spirit's hand will strew

Wild flowers o'er my bier;

And that bird over the green sod

That shrouds my mould'ring clay,

Will pause—and by pale star-light pipe

A sad, soft roundelay.

Farewell green earth, wild flowers, bright streams,

Sweet fairy haunted dell,

Familiar memories! ye come

On Fancy's ocean swell—

Ye come—ye come all beautiful

Across my dimming eye,

I grasp ye—*Death!* Oh God! 'tis hard

For one so young to die.

Richmond, Va., 1841.

AN EXCUSE.—Miravaux was one day accosted by a sturdy beggar, who asked alms of him.

"How is this," inquired Miravaux, "that a lusty fellow like you is unemployed?"

"Ah!" replied the beggar, looking very piteously at him, "if you did but know how lazy I am!"

The reply was so ludicrous and unexpected, that Miravaux gave the varlet a piece of silver.

ANECDOTE OF THE LATE MR. BRADBURY, THE CELEBRATED CLOWN.—In the year 1814, when Mr. Bradbury was in the heyday of his popularity, he lodged in Portsmouth, in the well-known and elegant establishment called the Crown Hotel, then kept by a Mr. Hanna, where a number of the fashionable and gay daily resorted. It happened at a dinner party where a considerable number were present, Mr. Bradbury introduced a most splendid gold snuff-box which had been shortly before presented to him by the members of a convivial club to which he belonged, in token of their estimation of him as a convivial friend and of his talents in his line of acting, which qualities he was known to possess in a very high degree. This box he highly prized, and it was sent round the table and admired by all. After some time, however, it was found not to be forthcoming. Every one stared—no one had it—all had seen it the moment before, but could not tell what could possibly have become of it.—In vain the owner entreated every gentleman to search his pocket, as some one might have taken it inadvertently. All tried without success. After remaining about an hour in the greatest anxiety, in which the company seemed to participate, they separated. Mr. Bradbury consulted some of his friends on this very unfortunate business, who advised him to send for a Bow Street officer, who might from his habits be able to suggest some means of detection. This advice was instantly followed, and Rivett, the well-known peace-officer, was sent for. The same company met next day at dinner, and the most anxious inquiries were made by all for the box, but still no account of it. Amongst the company was a Captain C—, who was aide-de-camp to General Leake, who was then going out to India, and waiting for the first fair wind. This gentleman was the first to quit the room after dinner, and by a preconcerted arrangement was followed into his bedroom by Rivett, who was

waiting outside. Mr. Bradbury also followed; and it was immediately communicated to Captain C— that he must submit to a search, a warrant for that purpose having been obtained against every gentleman in the room. This was instantly submitted to in the most cheerful manner by Captain C—, who invited them to make it, and expressed great satisfaction at such a course as the only means of detection; but he could not bring himself to believe that any gentleman could be guilty of so infamous an act except through inadvertence. After his trunk and dressing-case had been searched, he hoped they were perfectly satisfied of his integrity in the business. Rivett, however, observed that as far as the search was made, he was satisfied that all was correct, and nothing now remained but to search his person. These words were scarcely uttered when he was observed to change color and stagger; a smothered groan escaped him, and he fell back in a chair; and in a state scarcely conscious of existence, the box was taken from his pocket.—He remained in this state of stupor for a few moments, whilst Bradbury and the peace officer stood looking at each other, scarcely believing the evidence of their senses; and recovering himself a little, he stood up, gazed wildly at one and then at the other, and gasping with the intensity of his feelings, he rushed to his dressing-table, and like lightning drew a razor across his throat. Surgical assistance being on the spot, the wound was pronounced not to be mortal. The effect of the scene—the look of the man—his maniac look, and every circumstance connected with it, had such an effect on poor Bradbury that he lost his reason, and did not recover it for a year afterwards. The matter could not be kept a secret. The truly unfortunate and miserable Captain C— of course lost his commission, and it is not known what afterwards became of him. There was, however, no prosecution. The punishment was sufficient.

SOVEREIGN WOMAN.

A BALLAD—BY THOMAS MOORE.

London, March, 1841.—Now first published in America.

ALLEGRO CON ESPRESSIVO.

p

The dance was o'er— yet still in dreams That fair scene went on: Like cloud still with dush'd

p

day-light gleams, Though day it - self is gone; And graceful - ly to Music's sound, The

Ad lib. A tempo. Ad lib.

same bright nymphs went gliding round: then, the Queen of all, wert The fairest still, all were there, - while

Colla voce. A tempo. Colla voce.

fair!

VERSE II.

The dream then changed—in halls of state,
I saw thee high enthroned;
While, ranged around, the wise, the great
In thee their mistress owned:
And still the same, thy gentle sway
O'er willing subjects won its way—
'Till all confess'd the Right Divine
To rule o'er man was only thine.

VERSE III.

But, lo, the scene now changed again—
And borne on plumed steed,
I saw thee o'er the battle plain
Our land's defenders lead:

And stronger in thy beauty's charms,
Than man, with countless hosts in arms,
Thy voice, like music, cheer'd the free,
Thy smile lit on to victory!

VERSE IV.

Nor reign such queens on thrones alone—
In court and cot the same,
Wherever woman's smile is known,
Victoria's still her name:
For though she almost blush to reign,
Though love's own flowrets wreath the chain,
Disguise our bondage as we will,
'Tis woman, woman rules us still.

THE DREAM OF THE TWO SISTERS.

BY THOMAS MOORE—FROM DANTE.

London, March, 1841.—Now first published in America.

MODERATO.

p

'T was eve's soft hour, and

f *Cres.* *p*

bright, a-bove, The Star of Beauty beam'd, While lull'd by light so full of Love, In

slum-ber thus I dream'd—Methought, sweet hour, A Nymph o'er the

at that came

With Expression.

lea; Who, many a flower, Thus said and to me: Listen—should any ask what
gath'ring sung

p *p*

Ad lib

Leila loves, Say thou, to wreath her hair, With flowrets cull'd from glens and Is Leila's only
grovcs,

Colla voce.

care,

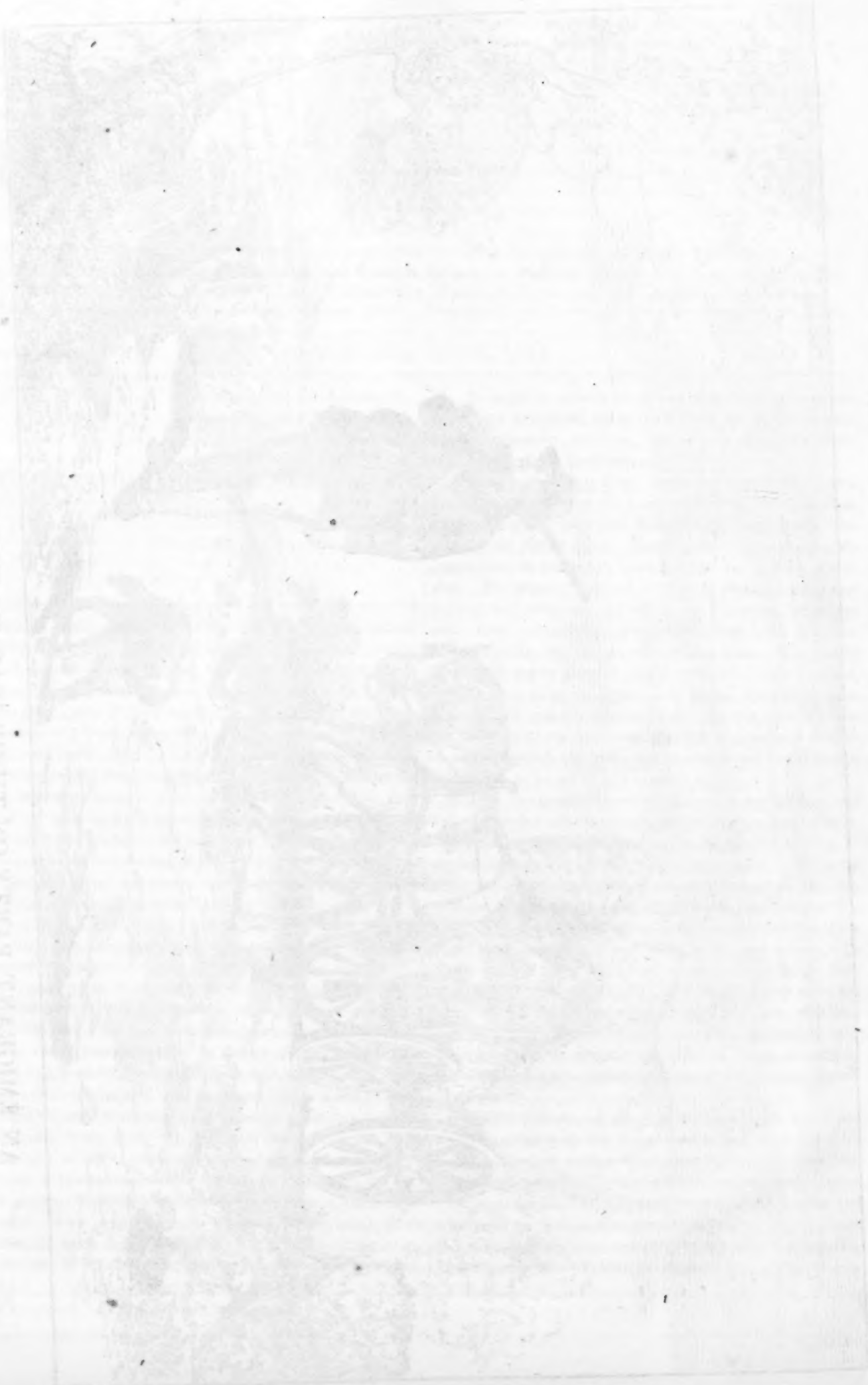
f *Cres.*

VERSE I.

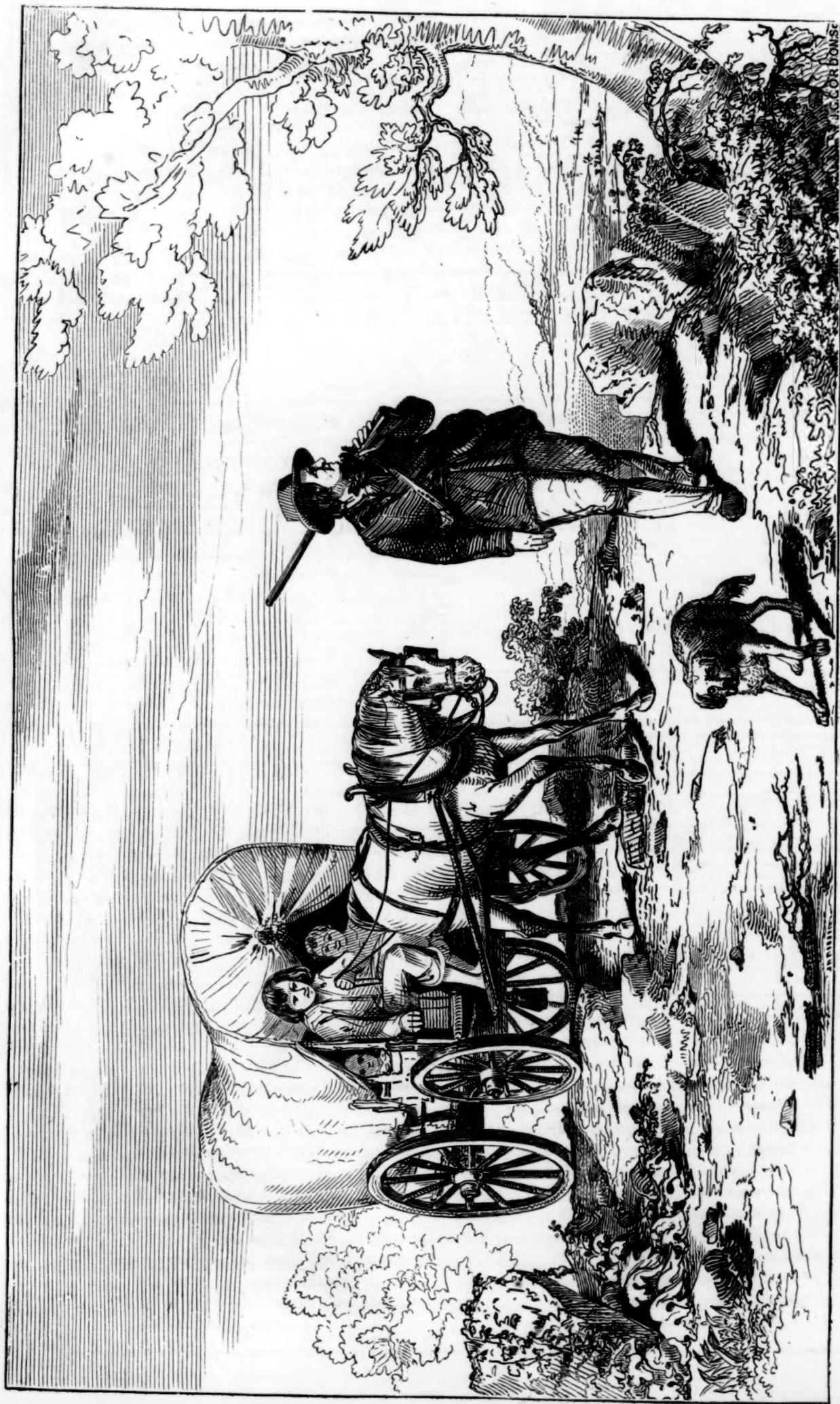
'Twas eve's soft hour, and bright, above,
The star of Beauty beam'd,
While lull'd by light so full of Love,
In slumber thus I dream'd—
Methought, at that sweet hour,
A Nymph came o'er the lea,
Who, gath'ring many a flow'r,
Thus said and sung to me,
Listen—should any ask what Leila loves,
Say thou, to wreath her hair
With flow'rets cull'd from glens and groves,
Is Leila's only care.

VERSE II.

While thus in quest of flow'rets rare,
O'er hill and dale I roam,
My sister, Rachel, far more fair,
Sits long and mute at home.
Before her glass untiring,
With thoughts that never stray,
Her own bright eyes admiring,
She sits the live long day;
While I!—oh, seldom 'tis that ev'n a look
Of self salutes my eye;
My only glass, the limpid brook,
That shines, and passes by.



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AN EMIGRANT PARTY ON THEIR WAY TO THE FAR WEST. See Note A.